Vpon the Frontiſpice.

HEE that in words explaines a Frontiſpice,
Betrayes the ſecret truſt of his Deuice:

Who cannot gueſſe, where Motts and Emblemes be,
The drift, may ſtill bee ignorant for mee.

Vpon the Frontiſpice.

HEE that in words explaines a Frontiſpice,
Betrayes the ſecret truſt of his Deuice:

Who cannot gueſſe, where Motts and Emblemes be,
The drift, may ſtill bee ignorant for mee.



Printed for Rob: Bostocke at the Kings Head in Paules Churchyard. 1635.

THE ARCADIAN PRINCESSE; OR, THE TRIVMPH OF IVSTICE:

Prescribing excellent rules of Physicke, for a sicke Iustice.

Digested into fowre Bookes,

And

Faithfully rendred to the originall Italian Copy,

By RI. BRATHVVAIT Esq.

Vulnera clausa potius cruciant. Greg.

LONDON,
Printed by *Th. Harper* for *Robert Bostocke*, and are to bee sold at his shop in Pauls Church yard, at the signe of the Kings head. 1635.

Iuuij 7. 1634.

REcensui hanc Versionem Operis Mariani Silesii Florent. cui titulus, The Arcadian Princelle, or Physicke for a sicke Iustice, &c: *unà cum vita authoris annexa, quæ continet folia 75. aut circa, in quibus nihil reperio sanæ doctrinæ aut bonis moribus contrarium quo minus cum publica utilitate imprimatur, sub ea tamen conditione ut si non intra annũ proxime sequentẽ typis mandetur, hæc licẽtia sit omnino irrita.*

GVILIELMVS HAYWOOD.

TO

The excellent Modell of true Nobility; the Right Honourable, *Henry Somerset*, Earle of *Worcester*, Baron *Herbert*, Lord of *Chepstow*, *Ragland* and *Gower*; all correspondence to his recollected'st thoughts.

SIR;

I *Have heere sent you an* Italian *plant, translated to an* English *platte: whose* flower *will not appeare halfe so delightfull*

to your Smelling, *as the* fruit *will become uſefull for* preſerving. *You ſhall here meet with an* Author *walking in an unbeat path. One, who diſcurtains the vices of that Time ſo ſmoothly, though ſmartly, as his continued Allegorie pleads his Apologie. A right* Italian *wit ſhal your* Honor *find him, quick & ſpritely: & of eminent race and ranke in his Country. And it is my joy, to addreſſe a Worke ſo richly interveined with ſtraines of wit and iudgement, to* one, *whom* deſcent *and* deſert *have equally ennobled; and who with ſo*

cleare

cleare and diſcerning a ſpirit can iudge of it. Now, if this new dreſſe doe not become him, all that I can ſay in mine owne defence is this, and no other; "*there is great difference be-*
"*twixt* Taylor *and* Tranſla-
"tor: *Sure I am, that the* Loome *is the ſame, if not the* Luſtre; *the* Stuffe *the ſame, though not the* Colour: *wherein* Hee *freely appeales to your Cenſure, who hath profeſt himſelfe*

Your Honours in

dueſt obſervance,

RI. BRATHWAIT.



TO THE DESERVING READER.

DEserving Reader; every Author, as this ſcribbling age goes, may finde a Reader well worthy his Labour; but very few Authors publiſh ſuch Workes as deſerve the labour of a diſcerning Reader. Like to ſome of our Porcupine-Theatrall Pantomimes, who dare adventure in their ſpongie Labours, begot of a barmie ſpirit, and other noxious vapours, to diſplay a *Gentlewoman* in her *compleateſt* Nature; though they erre egregiouſly in her favour,

favour, figure and feature. Peruſe this, and returne me anſwer, if it be not worth thy Labour to beſtow an houre or two in the Reading of this Author. Forraigne he is, and yet familiar; choice and dainty his conceits, yet allayed with ſo ſweet a temper, as they retaine in them the reliſh of a good nature. So free his invention, and ſo cleare from invection, as it admits no ſiniſter inver- [illegible] nor intention. Whatſoever hee [illegible]ere inſerts, holds apt proportion and connexion with the *Subiect* whereof hee treates. So as, being not onely a *Stranger*, but ſo *diſcerning* an *Author*, hee can expect no leſſe than a Candid cenſure from ſo *deſerving* a *Reader*.

Iunij

THE TESTIMONIE OF SABÆUS AMNIANUS, touching *Mariano Silesio*; with his judgement of his Worke, entituled, *The Arcadian Princesse*; or, *The triumph of Iustice*.

WHat pregnancy of conceit, and gravity of judgement, that Learned Florentine Silesio expressed, may appeare by those excellent Labours of his: wherein hee addressed his Penne to Subjects of divers natures, according to those occasionall employments, wherein hee stood engaged. His youth hee bestowed in Poesy;

Poesy; wherein he shewed that vivacity and quicknesse: as the Court of Florence resounded with the fame of his dimensions. In his riper yeares, hee became employed in affaires of high consequence: being twice elected by the vote and suffrage of the whole State for an Embassador to the Genueses: where hee demeaned himselfe in such sort, as hee was with no lesse cautious observance admired abroad, than with all honour entertained at his returne home. But growing old, and wearied with the mannagement of publique affayres: hee desired to retire, and in his retirement to addresse the remainder of his dayes to some profitable workes which might live in his death, and to posterity revive the memory of his life. Amongst which, hee composed a worke (in my iudgement) of exquisite wit, entituled the Arcadian Princesse: wherin both language, and Invention discovered their Master-piece. He dyed An. Dom. 1368. And interred with great solemnity in the Latmian arch.

The

THE OPINION OF *Corranus Amnenſis* touching *Sileſio:* with his iudgement of his workes; and of thole, his high approvement of that Maſterpiece, entituled *The Arcadian Princeſſe.*

With what pregnancy of wit, and ſolidity of iudgement the ever-living Sileſio, *whom to ſilence were to detract from the fame of* Florence, *was indowed, may ſufficiently appeare by his exquiſite Labours. In which* Art *and* Nature *ſo ſweetly contended, as they erected ſuch trophies in his lines, which exceeded the bounds of* Fate, *or* Time, *to be by oblivion blemiſhed; or by neglect ſeazed. Hee was deſcended of a noble Family, which hee renowned by his owne actions, by making his own penne the ſurviving Annall of her memory.*

memory. Hee was twice elected by the generall voyce and vote of the State, for Embassador to the Genuefes: where he demeaned himselfe with such cautious reservance and judicious prudence, as hee became no lesse admired abroad where he stood interessed, than honoured at home when he returned. But wearied with affaires of State, and desiring much retirement, he privately withdrew himselfe into the Country; where willing to publish some Workes, by leaving to the world, before he left the world, such legacies of his love, in his life, as might live in his death; he composed divers Subjects of infinite benefit and approvement to the State. Howbeit, in his yonger yeares hee stood much affected to Poesy; wherein hee so excelled, as his Poems were held equall with those enlivened composures of Tasso's. His Invention was much employed in his youth, (which time he bestowed in observance of the Court) in Court-Maskes and other Theatrall presentments; wherein none ever contended

with

with him, who in the end did not ingenuously veile unto him. But growing to riper yeares, hee retired from these, and accommodated his stile to the maturity of his time. In which serious studies such accomplishment seconded his retirement, as his private recluse could not be free from concourse: so highly did such as perused him, love him, as they desired nothing more than to live with him. Amongst others of his Labours, *during his retire, hee wrote a Booke entitled the* Arcadian Princesse, *which hee caused to be transcribed and sent to* Florence; *a Worke in my opinion, of incomparable worth, for* Language *and* Invention. *That* Parthenius, *of whom hee makes such honourable mention, was such a* favourite *of the* Muses, *as so many Poems of his as are extant, have equall'd, if not surpast those Mœnian Measures of* Petronius. *Having thus flourished for many yeares, with much fame in* Florence, *and enjoyed the sweetnesse of many retired houres in his Countrey repose, He bad the world*

This Author differs from the former for the place of his sepulture.

farewell with a smile. Anno Dom. 1568. *And was interred with all solemnity in the* Lemnian arch.

THE TESTIMONIE OF *Adrianus Barlandus*, touching *Silesio*: in his Historicall observations on *Florence.*

Silent I should be touching Silesio; *but being daily vers'd in the perusall of his* Labours, *I might seeme conscious to my selfe of envying his worth, if I should seeke to obscure, what my judgement doth so highly admire. Truth is, he lived long before us, yet lives hee still with us. For though he dye, his* Annals *live. Now, to render him in his true effigies and expressive Character; He was an Eloquent Orator, an Elegant Poet, and in the maturer close*

close of his time, an eminent Patritian. In his writing, hee was witty without scurrilous lightnesse, serious without censorious sowrenesse. Accurate without affectation; passionately moving beyond imitation. Hee had the happinesse to gaine friends, and to retaine them: which facility in gaining, and felicity in retaining, may bee ascribed to his discretion, who in the whole passage of his life was never knowne to lose his friend for a jest: nor entertaine a jealous conceit of his trust without apparant cause. During his aboade at Court, he was much honoured; in his retire, he was much frequented: in both generally loved. Many princely favours were showne him by the Duke, which with a native modesty he rejected. And being demanded by some of his friends, why hee accepted not such gracious tenders, being assured arguments of his future advancements; hee was wont to answer them: That those glorious favours were golden fetters, which might endanger to restraine the liberty of his better part.

Being on a time importuned in his youth by two complete Curtezans, to write a Poeme *in the praiſe of beauty; he made anſwer:* That hee could goe neare to paint them out, but hee thought his Penſill might bee well ſpar'd, for they knew better how to paint themſelves. *He could never endure to comply with a light friend, ſaying,* That he who entruſted himſelf with a Faune, brought his diſcretion in queſtion. *He was affable to his friends, reconcileable to his foes, affectionate to all. Abſtenious in his dyet, civill in his habit, temperate in his delights. He lived to a ripe age; and was intombed in a Monument of Thracian Marble, within the* Lemnian arch.

The

THE IVDGEMENT OF *Conradus Minutius*, touching *Sileſio:* and the ſurviving memory of his *Labours*.

SVfficiently wee cannot admire, much leſſe imitate theſe exquiſite compoſures of that Florentine Sileſio. *By ſo much more famous for his Learning, becauſe borne in a time, almoſt ignorant of learning. He was of pregnant wit, preſent conceit, ſolid judgement and retentive memory. Hee ſcorned nothing more, than to impe his wings with others feathers; for his uſuall ſaying was this:* He does himſelf diſhonour, who makes himſelfe witty by anothers Labour. *In the time of his reſide at Court, there were no Tranſcripts held ſo precious as his* Poems. *In his*

riper yeares, bidding adue to thoſe trifles of youth, *(for ſo was hee pleaſed to ſtyle them) he addreſſed his employments to more ſerious ſtudies: for obſerving, how the* State *tooke eſpeciall notice of him, he held it indiſcretion to beſtow his oyle on ought leſſe, than what might redound to the benefit of the* State. *Albeit, in his latter yeares, being much addicted to privacy, He retired and withdrew himſelfe from the grandeure of publique affaires: reſolving to dedicate the remainder of his dayes to a* contemplative life, *which hee called his* ſoules love: *where hee breathed forth many divine fancies full of ſpirit and morall profit. Hee dyed,* Anno Dom. 1368. *and was honourably buried in the* Lemnian arch, *with a pyramidall Monument erected over him.*

A Summary of the Contents:

WITH

An Explanation of every distinct *Subiect*, and personall *Name*, contained in this Allegoricall discourse, entituled,

THE ARCADIAN PRINCESSE,
OR,
THE TRIUMPH OF IUSTICE.

Composed at first by that incomparable Ornament of *Florence*, MARIANO SILESIO, in the *Italian* tongue.

THEMISTA the *Arcadian Princesse*, and Soveraigneſſe of *Iuſtice*, in her ſuppoſed deſcent from Heaven, and viſit

This *Summary* was by the *Tranſlator* prefixed, that theſe *Names* ſuiting with

the *Natures* of these *Persons* heere presented, might be explaned.

visit of Earth, makes a Survey or Scrutiny of her *Pretorian*; which State in sixe distinct Persons, ingeniously presented, she findes miserably distempered. For the preservation of her judiciall Soveraignty, she addresseth her Care for their recovery: whence the *Author* properly entitles his first Booke, THEMISTA'S CARE.

Shee findes METOXOS her first *Consul* in this representative Body, and personating *Partiality*, taken with a *Squinancy*. EPIMONOS, personating *Pertinacy*, with an *Apoplexy*. VPEREPHANOS, presenting *vaine-glory*, with a *Phrensie*. MEILIXOS, personating *Pusillanimity*, with an *Epilepsie*. VPOTOMOS presenting *Severity*, with a *Pluriſie*. AMERIMNOS, personating *Security*, with a *Lethargy*: whence it is, that hee styleth his second Booke, THE STATE-SOARE.

He displayes these numerous *distempers*, by branchingthem into distinct *figure*, as may appeare in the second Booke.

These severall distempers shee recommends to the Cure of ÆSCVLAPIVS; who, after the discovery of

of their Griefes, applies proper Receits to the qualitie of their diſtempers, and reſtores them to their health: whence it is, that his third Booke beares the Title of THE CONSVLS CVRE.

THEMISTA tranſported with their unexpected recovery, ſeemes doubtfull at firſt of ſuch good Newes: which to ſtrengthen with more certainty, and enliven her depreſſed ſpirits with more alacrity; ISOTES, perſonating *Equity*, in apt-compoſed meaſures becomes Relator of METOXOS recovery.

EPIEICES, perſonating *Moderation*, becomes Relator of EPIMONOS recovery.

TAPEINOS, preſenting *Humility*, becomes Relator of VPEREPHANOS recovery.

ISCVROS, perſonating *Fortitude* or *Conſtancy*, becomes Relator of MEILIXOS recovery.

ELECMON, preſenting *Mercy*, becomes Relator of VPOTOMOS recovery.

EPI-

EPIMELES perſonating *Induſtry*, becomes Relator of AMERIMNOS recovery.

And to ſecond Her longing hopes, She cauſeth her late diſtempered *Conſuls* to come before her to deſcribe the manner of their *Cure*, the higheſt Object of her *Care*: This done, THEMISTA delivers her CHARGE to her reſtored and re-eſtated *Conſuls*; wherein ſhee recommends to them the love of *Iuſtice* and Equity: cloſing with a thankefull remonſtrance to ÆSCVLAPIVS: vowing to erect laſting Trophies of living memory, to gratifie his ſucceſſive Care in her *Conſuls* recovery. So as, from the expreſſion of her Charge, and the apprehenſion of this univerſall joy, *Sileſio* entitles his fourth and laſt Booke,

THE CONSVLS CHARGE,
with
THEMISTA'S TRIVMPH.



The Arcadian Princesse,

OR,

The triumph of Iustice;

Prescribing excellent rules of Physicke for a sicke *IVSTICE.*

THEMISTA'S CARE.

The first Book.

Argument.

THemista *descends from* heaven, *purposely to re-*

visit earth: expressing in apt measures, what desire the heavenly powers have to see Iustice executed. The Excellency of Iustice, properly styled the Epitome of all vertues.

POESY I.

THus long in heav'n now must we downe to Earth,
To see what fruits that hopefull Soyle brings forth,
How Iustice thrives, from whose divinest birth
All sacred vertue doe derive their worth,
Whose presence makes the earth resound with mirth:
"Harsh is the accent of that melody,
"Where Iustice doth not keepe her Iubily.

Nor doe those glorious powers which shine above,
And dart their beams upon th'inferiour spheare,
On any Object fixe their eye of love,
More than on that, where Iustice doth appeare;
Whose gracefull beauty like a golden grove,

Adornes

Adornes the Earth, and like a Conquerer,
Empals their heads with wreaths that follow (her.

How heav'ns do ſmile, to ſee good men reputed!
How goodneſſe ſhines, when Error is ſuppreſſed!
How earth reviues, when Iuſtice's *executed!*
How Worth appears, when vertue is refreſhed!
How State endeers, that's with true honor ſuited!
Theſe beare no other Frontiſpiece *than this,*
" the Excellence of Iuſtice *what it is.*

Iuſtice! *a vertue ſtyled properly*
By thoſe which know the goodneſſe of her nature,
" Vertues choice Abſtract or Epitome,
Who lives above the reach of any Satyre,
And ſcornes a name that's got by infamie.
Bleſt is that State; her Sciens heirs of honour,
Who hath ſo bright a ſtar to ſhine upon her.
For to the Liſt of Iuſtice *ſhee's confin'd,*
" But ſuch a Bird, I feare, is rare to find.

Argument.

Themiſta *bewailes the corruption of the time; what*

Lib. I.

miseries befall that State, *where* Iustice *is not administred; She laments* Arcady, (*where shee is supposed to descend*) *for suffering the* Seate *of* Iustice *to be so defiled: the comely face of so promising a* State *disfigured.*

PROSE I.

PItifully perplexed *Themista*, who can see thee, and not suffer with thee? who can endure to take a view of thy griefe, and not afford thee the tribute of one poore teare

teare for thy reliefe? Shee, who was ſometimes more beautifull than the *Evening Starre*; more amiable than the curiouſeſt and choyſeſt feature upon earth; how is ſhe become darkened? how is her beauty blemiſhed? her glory obſcured? her favour periſhed? her feature blanched? Obſerve but the *corruption* of the time, and then ſee if my ſorrow be groundleſſe! Conſider this univerſal contagion, & how ſhould my ſorrow but be endleſſe! Heare the mercenary guilded tongue, who ſtands not

Lib. 1.

much upon the cauſe, ſo he may receive his coyne, how he coynes untruths, belyes his owne knowledge, inveighs againſt a ſubject of innocency, to delude the credulous Eare of his too eaſie Iudge: and all this to enrich his ſeldome-thriving poſterity, with the injurious revenues of his partiality! There, another ſeconds a great mans cauſe with a brazen face; where the better cauſe muſt fare the worſe, becauſe the worſer cauſe hath the better purſe. So as *juſtice* becomes ſo perverted, as

as ſhe may be compared to the *Celedonie* ſtone, which retaineth her vertue no longer, than while it is rubbed with gold. The precious ſtone *Diocletes*, though it have many rare and excellent ſoveraignties in it, yet it loſeth them all, if it be put in a dead mans mouth: ſo *Iuſtice*, which is the ſole ornament and accompliſhment of State, that ſacred-ſecret cement to knit up all breaches and diviſions, though it have many rare and exquiſite vertues in it, yet doth this ſoveraigneſſe

Lib. 1.

of all princely vertues, looſe them every one, when ſhe is put into a corrupt mouth, or a deceitful heart; who guilds *Iuſtice* over with pretences; or aſſuming upon him ſome awfull command, bindes her to peace, purpoſely to cram his owne purſe. And what is this but *Worme-wood Iuſtice*, making that bitter, which is ſweetly reliſhing of its owne nature?

What excellent Hieroglyphicks were conceited by the antient Ethnicks, to deſigne (amongſt other expreſſions) the right office of *juſtice*?

juſtice? The *Athenians* erected images of Iudges without hands and eyes: implying, that Rulers and Magiſtrates ſhould neither be infected with bribery, nor any other way drawn from that which was lawfull and right. Lame they ſhould bee in receiving a fee, blinde in diſcerning friend from foe. But alas! all ages could ever better preſcribe, than obſerve: yet of all ages, none more irregular than* this, where *Corruption* becomes a *cuſtome*, and no greater foe to a good cauſe, than poverty,

* *Here the Originall tranſcribed Ann. Dom.* 1368. *freely glanceth at the corruptions of*

ty, or a powerfull adversary.

Nor can that *State* be secure, where such *iniustice* raignes. Though the Night silence her, the wals encompasse her, the curtaines of iniquity shrowd her: there can be no darknesse so thick and palpable, (were it like the *Cimmerian* shade) that the piercing eye of heaven cannot spye thorow it. Vain is thy hope, thou *Scarlet peccant*, by sinning secretly, to sinne securely. Impiety plays the sycophant with her selfe, when she promiseth her self impu-

that present state. which by a long cessation fro Arms with the Cilicians abroad, and Genueses at home, was growne to that fulnes or surfet, rather, of peace; as plenty the fostermother of Security, had begot in thē with their affluence of wealth, a confluence of vice. Vid. vit. Mar. Sil.

impunity. That State cannot chuſe but bee to miſery engaged, where *juſtice* is not duely adminiſtred.

Should ſhee pride it with the *Babylonian*, brave it with the *Theban*, trade it with the *Tyrian*, ſport it with the *Sydonian*, or ſpell it with the *Aegyptian*; her bravery ſhall turne to rags, her glory to contempt, her wealth to want, her ſport to diſcontent, her knowledge to folly; the whole fabricke of her ſtate, to an univerſall miſery. And this is thy miſerable eſtate, poore *Arcadia!*

for

Lib. 1.

for how is thy former beauty blemished, the comely face of so promising a *State* disfigured, by suffering the *seate* of *justice*, (*Astræas* throne) to be so defiled, the ornaments of vertue stained? Shall wee bemoane thy disconsolate State, while thou senseless of thine owne misery, perceives not that thou art wounded? yes, thy want of sense aggravates our sense of sorrow. O that we were turned all a *Niobe*, and resolved into teares, so wee might but extract from thee one sigh, to argue thou hadst a sense of thy sinne! Reflect,

we pray thee, upon thy former beauty; and what it was that thus hath blemiſhed thee. Want of conſideration makes thee thus ſenſeleſſe of thy affliction. Let us wipe thine eyes, that thou maiſt ſee thy ſelfe, and ſeeing, loath that which hath made thee ſo unlike thy ſelfe. Hither are wee come to reviſit thee, and hopefull were wee to have found thee in the ſame ſtate, wherein wee did leave thee. But *corruption* hath ſeaz'd on thy *Bench*; thy *Scarlet* hath got a *ſtaine*; this is thy ſtate; hence is our griefe.

Argu-

Argument.

Themista *recollects her spirits; comforts her selfe with the conceit of her owne innocency; she bethinks her how she may take away this* staine, *and restore the light of* Iustice *to a disconsolate* State.

POESY II.

BVt whence com these floods of tears?
Ease they may, but cannot cure;
Free thy breast of fruitlesse feares,
Joy thou mayst in being pure;
This corruption *of the* time,
Is mans fault, it is not thine.

Is not thine! no, heav'n knowes;
Strive then to attemper griefe;

Doe

Doe not waſte thy ſelfe with woes,
Teares can tender small reliefe:
They that nought but ſorrow vent,
Ne're can cure their Patient.

Let it be thy care to heale,
As thine art *hath found the ſore,*
And reſtore a Common-weale
To that health it had before:
So maiſt thou ſupport that State
Which lyes now diſconſolate.

Artiſts, when they ſearch a wound,
And doe finde th' inciſion deepe,
Muſt not fall into a ſound,
Nor like Babies pule and weepe:
The diſtemper's now deſcride,
Let ſome phyſicke be applide.

Argument.

Themiſta *directs a meſſage by her ſervant* Euphorbus *to the Counſell of State.*

Prole

PROSE II.

BVt present necessity of cure, admits no time of complaint. So as, calling forthwith of her servant *Euphorbus*, who was there attending her, she delivered to him her message in these words.

Come hither *Euphorbus*, we have ever had sufficiét proof of thy diligence, being at all times no lesse ready to discharge our trust, than we to impose our command. Nor

are

Lib. 1.

are wee ignorant of thy approved care in performing whatſoever may either redound to our honour, or benefit of the Republique, wherein wee are highly intereſſed. Thou ſhalt therefore receive theſe directions from us (as wee ſolely rely on thee) the ſubſtance whereof wee ſhall deliver thee in theſe particulars.

Thou art preſently to repaire to our *Counſell of State*; acquainting them with our command, that forthwith all frivolous delayes & unneceſſary excuſes ſet apart,

Lib. I.

they repaire to our Palace, and there attend our pleasure, in behalfe of the publique service. VVherein, if they become inquisitive what the businesse may be: Thou maist answer them in generall tearmes, that wee are to expect an account from them, in their affayres of Iudicature; wherein, if any of them prove defective, they are for Example-sake to receive condigne censure. Some complaints wee have already heard against them, which how iustly exhibited, wee will as yet suspend, till more

Lib. 1.

more frequency of proofe evince them. Informe them likewiſe, ſince our deſcent to Earth, how we have viſited their *Pretorian*, wherein wee found nothing but confuſion: Their *Comitiall Courts* like Deſarts, wilde and unexerciſed; onely ſome ſurreptitious Proctors were there fiſhing, who knew no methodicall courſe of pleading, nor any Law-Intergatory, but the demand of their undeſerved Fees; whereof receiving no preſét diſcharge, with a *Stentors* voyce, they re-eccho their vouchers and

Lib. I.

double vouchers in a clamorous Replication. Some decayed remnants, or useleſſe inſtruments of diſcording *Iuſtice*, wee likewiſe found: who had got ſo much tongue, as *Parachito*-like, they could cry, *Commit him*, *Commit him*, before ever they had heard what hee had done. From whence wee gathered, that many had aſpired to that *place*, before ever they knew what the definition of *juſtice* was: ſo as, they uſually cauſed the nocent and innocent to caſt lots whether of

of them ſhould be puniſhed. Innumerable ſuch Obje&s of ſorrow have we viewed, ſince wee deſcended; the ſad memory whereof renewes our griefe, and leaves us ever with a teare in our eye, a ſigh in our heart: nor ſhould we be comforted, but that the knowledge of our owne innocency hath ſo fortifide us, as no cenſure can deſervedly touch us. Make haſte *Euphorbus*, and deliver our Meſſage with a courage: meane time, wee ſhall expect their attendance, with a due and formall account

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of all their actions. With this Meſſage her faithful ſervant *Euphorbus* departed, while ſhe taking her Lute in her hand, to expell melancholy with a ſtraine of melody, and retaine a conſtant remembrance of her ſervants fidelity, chanted out theſe Layes.

Argument.

Themiſta *reioyceth in the enioying of ſo faithfull a ſervant; Shee recounts the benefits redounding from ſuch: and reproves the uniuſtneſſe of unthank-*

thankfull Maſters, who come ſhort in recompencing ſuch.

POESY III.

WEll! Euphorbus, *thou art hee*
With thy ſervice comforts't mee.
When I am ſurpriz'd with griefe,
Thine advice affords reliefe:
Thou finds ſolace when I ioy,
Suffers with me in annoy:
Be it mirth or diſcontent,
Thou art for that Element:
So as I may well averre,
Having ſuch a comforter;
"There's no Treaſure may compare
"With a faithfull Servants care:
Who is early up and late
To increaſe his Maſters ſtate.
Hee's a Crane *for vigilance,*
An Emmet *for his providence:*
Hee's no Sea-Maw, *that can ſhow*
Any tempeſt in his brow:
He is legall, loyall, iuſt,
Sworne unto his Maſters truſt:

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Graceleſſe are ſuch thankleſſe men,
Who ſuch ſervants can contemne,
For they take farre more delight
To receive than to requite:
Curt'ſies they retaine not long,
Yet can recompence a wrong.
Any one will cheere his Curre
When he barks and makes a ſturre,
And gives warning to his houſe
If he doe but heare a Mouſe:
What is he, pray tell me than,
Cheeres his Curre, & checks his man!

Argument.

Euphorbus *returnes anſwer to* Themiſta, *that the whole* body *of her* Councell of State *is become infirme, as they cannot without apparant danger of death, repaire to her* Grace. *Hee ſhadowingly*

dowingly deliuers unto her, in what manner they are handled, and how long they haue continued.

PROSE III.

NO ſooner had *Euphorbus* diſpatched his meſſage, than he returned anſwer unto his Lady: humbly ſhewing to her *Grace*, that her whole *Councell of State* was growne ſo infirme, ſome through diſtempers, others through weakneſſe of nature, as they could not without apparant dan-

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danger of death, attend her *Grace*. What, is their infirmity so universall, (answered *Themista*) as none of all our *Conscript Fathers*, whose reverend judgements were sometimes held Oracular, can now tender us their Observance? Pray thee relate, *Euphorbus*, how are they handled, or whether they pretend but this onely, to free them from attendance.

Truely, (answered *Euphorbus*) so please your *Grace*, I thinke they doe not counterfeit. For I am perswa-

ded, little did they expect my comming, yet found I ſome of them raving, as if taken with ſome dangerous phrenſie: Others ſo melancholy and lumpiſh, as I could ſcarcely force one word from them in an houre; and when it came, as good as no thing, for it was to no purpoſe. Others infinitely given to laughter; but none ſo diſcreetly ſober as might deſerve admittance to your preſence. Severall were the humors did ſurprize them, yet not one temperate humour among them. Some were

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were altogether silent, and they the wisest, for they spoke nothing: Others too liberall and lavish of tongue, whose discourse was so disjoynted, as the Scene of one of their distracted sentences, lay in all the foure parts of the world.

Heavens blesse me (said *Themista*) is *Arcadia*, once a seat of *Justice*, a Treasurie of prudence, and a fruitfull Nurcery of all liberall and free borne studies, become a *Fatuano* or *Bedlam* of distracted persons? Be our hopes so quickly blasted? But

But inveterate ſores are hardeſt to be cured; tell us then *Euphorbus*, how long may report give out, that theſe diſtempers haue continued?

Not long, as I heare (anſwered *Euphorbus*) nor theſe neither continuate, for they admit intermiſſions. More dangerous are they (replyed *Themiſta*) theſe interſpirations miniſter new matter to their diſtemper'd humour to worke on. But pray thee what times are held moſt violent.

Some of them (anſwered *Euphorbus*) are in good temper

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per till after noone; their pulses beat moderately, their conceits full of quickneſſe and pregnancy, their underſtandings poized with ſerious ſolidity; They can walke, talke, and converſe no leſſe gravely than gracefully. But the Meridian hath no ſooner overſhadowed them, then they have quite loſt their former alacrity. Talke they cannot without ſtammering, nor walke without ſupporting; yea, they cleane forgot what they did ith morning; and ſhould your *Grace* aske them a queſtion,

ſtion, they cannot anſwer you without ſleeping. What a ſoporiferous humour is this (replide *Themiſta*?) Sure they have drunke *Oppium* or *Night-ſhade*, or they could never be ſo heavy-headed: but how ſtand the reſt affected?

Truely Madame (ſaid *Euphorbus*) ſome of them are ſo fierce and violent, as their gates are ever kept bolted; where, if you would bee admitted, you muſt pay the Porter. Vpon your admittance, if you deſire to goe farther, you muſt liberally reward

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reward the Doore-keeper; by whom being brought into their presence, you shall finde them like so many *State-Idols* reered up, beckning nothing but awfull reverence. Which made mee remember the saying of *Cineas*, That hee never came in presence of the Roman Senators, but he verily thought hee came before so many magnificent Emperours. Bigge and boysterous are they in their salutes, as thus; *Fellow, approach nearer.* Whereas poore Snakes, their affrighted Supplicants fearing

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fearing to come within their reach, or draw neere the ſide of their grate, (for it may be ſuppoſed, they have heard the deſcription of a *Caniball*) double their *reward* to that commodious Keeper of the *Ward*, to procure their eſcape. Yet are not theſe alwayes thus cruell and untractable. For there were divers *mollifying playſters* and other *ſuppling oyles* to allay their diſtemper, and bring them (as I heard after) to a more pleaſing and affable humour: but theſe were privately applied, and by

Lib. I.

their moſt *intimate followers* practiſed, or elſe they could worke no cure. Truſt mee (quoth *Themiſta*) howſoever their Natures are to bee ſuppled, theſe diſtempers are worſt to be cured: for they partake of two incorrigible humours, immoderate inflammation of the heart, and inſatiate extenſion of the hand; their bloud therefore muſt be cooled, and the nerves of their palmes ſtraitned, or they can never bee cured; but how are the laſt diſpoſed?

Cleare of an other humour

mour, anſwered *Euphorbus*) for theſe ſeeme indifferent how the world goe; They are ſparing in diſpatch, but ſpeedy in repaſt; the height of their humour is a plenteous dinner: free they are from anger, or any paſſionate diſtemper: onely, they feed ſo liberally, as they grow unwealdy: they hate nothing more than buſineſſe, ſo as their *judgements* ever cloſe with a *reference*: yet are they of good diſpoſitions, but through diſcontinuance growne ſo uſeleſſe, as they cannot poſſibly give the *Lib.* 1.

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Grace attendance. Well done, *Euphorbius*; thou hast freely, though shadowingly, discovered their maladies: it rests, that amidst these discomforts wee conceive through their misery, wee comfort our selfe with the continuate remembrance of our owne integrity.

Argument.

Themista *continues her comforts in dilated measures, upon reflexe had to her owne integrity; She imagines her absence to be the greatest cause of these*

theſe maladies: for whoſe Cure, *Lib.* 1.
ſhe beſtowes her whole Care.

POESY IIII.

GRieve may we wel, yet in our griefe
may wee impart
Some equall meaſure of reliefe
unto our hart.
Wee ſuffer in their miſery,
yet when we view
Our well-approv'd integrity,
we then renew
Thoſe comforts we concciv'd before
and ſtill retaine;
" Such may ſit ſafe and ſing a ſhore
have paſt the Maine.
No treaſure to a ſpotleſſe mind,
whoſe vertues are
In an untainted heart enſhrin'd,
which cures all care.
Yet was not Phœbus *free from blame*
to make his Sonne
A Coach-man ere he knew the ſame,
proud Phaëton.

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Nor we to leave our Throne to these,
who cannot keepe
Their lips from Cup's, their hands frõ
nor eyes from sleep. (*fees,*
Our absence was the cause, I feare,
through want of us,
Which made these Conscript fathers
distemper'd thus. (*here*
It rests, that we partake a share,
(*though wee'r secure*)
In their distresse, and have a Care
upon their Cure.

Argument.

Themista *resolves to goe visit her languishing* Iusticiaries: Euphorbus *diswades her from it: shewing what danger she might incurre by such a visit: No plague more infe-*

ctious

ctious to the body, than the corruption of vice to the mind. Lib. 1.

PROSE IV.

BVt Cures of this nature (ſaid *Themiſta*, require preſent reliefe. There is more advantage in *diſpatch*, than *delay*; for by neglect of opportunity, we ever loſe the benefit that accrues by it. It is not ſo hard to give comfortable counſell to the afflicted, as to finde a fit ſeaſon when

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to give it. Expedition is the best season in extreames: lest by *delaying* of our Cure, wee *dispatch* our Patient. *It* shall be our first resolve then to goe *visit* our languishing *Iusticiaries*, and to employ our best Care for their Cure. It is their inward estate that we tender, for in that consists their highest honour. "We are not affraid, (to use "the words of our sententi- "ous *Petrarch*) to see the rui- "nous houses of their de- "caied bodies shaken; for "we know well their con- "dition, with the necessity of

" of their diſſolution: ſo their
" ſoules, veſſels of purer
" ſubſtance, though gueſts
" of their bodies, farewell.
We ever hold *Critolaus* ballance for our direction; who poizing the Goods of *Body* and *Fortune* in one Scale, and the Goods of the *Minde* in the other, found thoſe pretious & ineſtimable Goods of the *Minde* ſo far to weigh downe the *other*, as the Heaven doth the Earth & Seas. Wee ſtand ſtill for that rich and curious Cabbinet of the Soule; which, ſo long as it is not rifled by that vitious

Crue

Lib. 1.

Crue of inordinate affections, all is safe, all secure: but once soyled, hardly restored to her former beauty But alas for sorrow! wee cannot chuse but sigh, to see old men so senseleſſe of their misery. Grieve they cannot for themselves, though they see themselves now descending to their Graves. Vncomfortable is that affliction, which conceives for it selfe no sensible Compassion: and such is these mens case. Their bodies are by age weakened, with rumerous infirmities enfeebled; there

there is ſcarce a day but threatens ruine to their crazie Cottages. Yet are they as freſh and youthfully greene for vice, as if they but lately entred this Theatre of vanity, and might promiſe to their ſparkling youth more yeares, than they can hours, by all poſſibility. On then, *Euphorbus*, wee will *viſit* them, leſt they periſh through our neglect. Deſiſt Madame (anſwered *Euphorbus*) from a reſolve of ſuch infinite danger. I underſtand their diſeaſe to be infectious; ſure I am, their whole *family* ſeemes

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seemes to have a spice of the same malady; Be not then such an enemy to your selfe, as to expose your *Honour* to apparant danger, and so perish through your owne Errour. This, Madame, will turne your *visiting* of them, to a *visitation* in your selfe. VVho will goe into an infected house, or tempt the divine providence, by subjecting himselfe wittingly to inevitable perill? And no plague more infectious to the *Body*, than the *Corruption* of *vice* to the *minde*. Of what strong Constitutions were some

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ſome of theſe, who now lye mortally languiſhing? Able they were to the ſight of man to repell all crudities; yet ſee how ſoone they were vanquiſhed, and to the inbred corruption of their own vitious nature, miſerably captivated. I know, Madame, that you partake of immortality; yet is there ſomething mortall in you; that may bring you to ſtoop to that Lure, which, although you now loath, by conſorting with them, you may hereafter love. And what then ſafe amongſt us, if

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if you ſhould faile, or fall from us? Good Madame then, intend your owne ſafety: Too much *affection* may bring you to an *infection*: Prevention is the life of Policy. He is an indiſcreet Generall, who lyes his owne perſon open unto perill: for his fall makes an end of the battell. Secure your ſelfe by retiring to your Palace: Let Artiſts, whoſe Profeſſion it is to intend theſe Cures, ſearch their griefes, and expoſe their perſons unto danger; Be it your Care, our joy; to enjoy the ſafety of your *Honour*. Argu-

Argument.

Themiſta *concludes, that a* pious diſpoſition *ever carries with it a* preſervative *againſt all vicious infection: Shee continues her purpoſe of* viſiting *diſtempred* Statiſts, *and prepares a* Confection *againſt all* Corruption.

POESY V.

THough vices *like* diſeaſes *runne in blood,*
A free-borne diſpoſition *that is good,*
May amongſt vicious perſons preſt live,
And in her breaſt weare a preſervative
'Gainſt all infection. *" He repels all vice,*
" Who lookes to have God ſtill before his eyes.

The

The sighing Hart *being wounded, straight doth*
By meere instinct, for cure to Ditany: (*flye*
So will the Beare, *if she feele any griefe,*
Fly to the herbe Acanthus *for reliefe:*
Balme-mint *delights the* Bee, *to which amaine*
She makes recourse, to ease her of her paine:
Right well her Celandine *the* Swallow *knowes,*
Whereto, if ought distemper her, she goes.
And shall these creatures, which have onely sense,
Challenge above us a preeminence?
No; wee've the herbe *of* grace, *whose sacred stem*
Affords such native vigour unto men,
As where it is applide, they need not feare
That any foule infection can come there.
Surcease to move us then; we must prepare
To visit *these who so distemper'd are:*
Weake Conscript-fathers! *Like's that State to fal*
When such Night-Birds *doe keepe the* Capitall.
But that we may our selfe the stronger make,
Confection *'gainst* infection *wee will take;*
Which shall be this: " *a pure untainted brest,*
With oyle *of* Grace, *the better to resist.*

THE

The State-Soare.

The second Book.

Argument.

Themista *having visited and felt the pulses of her languishing* Councell, *bemoanes their desperate* estate; *She adviseth for their* recovery; *but findes the height of their distemper, to exceede the com-*

Lib. 2.

passe of her Cure; She resolves to send her servant Euphorbus *for* Aesculapius *to procure their recovery, and prevent their relapse into the like infirmity.*

PROSE I.

NO sooner had *Themista* felt the pulse of her diseased *Statists*, than she perceived their distemper to be of that nature, as being a desperate *Soare*, it required a desperate *Cure*. Some of their pulses beat

beat *faintly*; as if Nature were ſpent in them, & their waſted Lamps neare the ſnuffe. Others cleare of an other temper, for they beat ſo *violently*, as it might bee eaſily gathered, that their enraged humour rather laboured of fury and frenzy, than any other indiſpoſed quality. Diverſly found ſhe her languiſhing *Senate* affected; but none of them rightly tempered; which drove her into theſe and ſuch like perplexed reſolves. *Lib.* 2.

Where (ſaid ſhe) ſhall we turne us, and ſee not ſome

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heavy Object or other to afflict us? Every where doe we ſee a diſtempred State; every where a growing-groaning malady. And what way may wee caſt for their recovery? Hee that viſiting his friend, findes him ſicke, and will not miniſter unto him; heavy, and will not comfort him; needy, and will not relieve him; ſuch an one may be rather ſaid to mocke him than bemoane him, ſcoffe him than cheere him, ſcorne him than ſuccour him. But alas! we feare much that the nature of their diſ-

diſeaſe far exceeds the meaſure of our art. Maladies of this quality require an experienc'd hand to afford them remedy. And ſo tenderly affected are wee to their perſons, as wee ſhall not have the heart to ſearch their wounds, as a pittileſſe Artiſt ſhould doe: for theſe griefes cannot be cured, unleſſe they be to the bottome ſearched. Meane time, how worthily may wee bemoane this diſtracted Eſtate; when thoſe who ſhould be the Guardidians of the Republique, are ſo beſotted and benum- *Lib. 2.*

Lib. 2.

med; or otherwiſe with ſome exorbitant paſſion ſo tranſported, as they, who ſhould guard the publique State, cannot guide their own perſons: but like children, goe by holds, to keepe themſelves from fals? Where may the wronged finde redreſſe, when hee that doth the wrong, is exempted from cenſure; either by *Corruption*, which ſeales up the mouth of *Juſtice*: or *Ignorance*, which knowes not how to diſtinguiſh of the quality of an offence? Happy were thoſe dayes wherein

Baſil

Lib. 2.

Baſil the Emperour of *Conſtantinople* lived: for ſo peacefull was his State in the gracious progreſſe of his time, that whenſoever hee came to his Iudgement-Seat, hee neither found Party to accuſe, nor Defendant to anſwer. But we, to live both in theſe factious & unpeaceable times; and to bee deſtitute of ſuch as ſhould cenſure theſe crimes, where connivence gives impunity to impiety, and greatneſſe becomes a Subterfuge to guiltineſſe; who can juſtly blame us, to vye in teares with the

Lib. 2.

Errours of the time; and bemoane that State with a compassionate pitty; which we cãnot by our own Endevours remedy! Now, should we leave them to thé selves, how should they possibly cure their owne *Soares*, who are insensible of their effects? True it is, that as the *Scorpion* hath in her the remedy of her owne poyson; so the Evill man carrieth alwayes with him the punishment of his owne wickednesse: which never leaves to torment and afflict his minde, both sleeping and waking; as it fared with

with *Apollodorus*, *Hipparchus*, *Pauſanias* and many others; who were ſo conſcious of their owne enormities, as they were ever in purſuit by their owne Furies. But what of all this? Neither perſonall ſhame, nor apprehenſion of their owne guilt, nor any other ſubſequent effect, could afford to the publique State, a ſoveraigne Cure; till theſe vicious ones were weeded, vertuous ones elected, and the whole forme or modell of the State changed. O my perplexed Spirit, how juſtly may wee take up the complaint

Lib. 2.

*Lib.*2.

plaint of our divinely-morall *Seneca!* who writing to his friend *Lucilius*, discovered the face of a corrupted State in this sort: "Our newes "from *Rome* are these; the "walls of *Rome* are ruined; "the Temples not visited; "the Priests fled; the Trea- "sure robbed; old men are "dead; young men are mad; "and vices are Lords over "all. O my good friend *Lu-* "*cilius*, if these things seeme "great faults, there be grea- "ter yet than these in *Rome*: "and they are, that no man "will confesse himselfe "cul-

Lib. 2.

"culpable of any of theſe "things: but the Dictator "layeth fault upō the Con- "ſul; the Conſul upon the "Cenſor; the Cenſor upon "the Pretor; the Pretor up- "on the Aedile; and the "Aedile upon the Queſtor: "in ſo much as, becauſe no "man will confeſſe his "fault, we have no hope of "amendment.

But fruitleſſe are theſe complaints; our griefes require a ſpeedy hand, and a reſolved heart; dexterity in the one, and conſtancy in the other; ſpeedy in apply-

ing,

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ing, and happy in performing. Wee shall doe well then in resolving to send our Servant *Euphorbus* for *Aesculapius*; by whose incomparable skill, not onely means may be made for their recovery; but directions had for preventing their relapse into the like infirmity. Haste then with winged speed, *Euphorbus*, to that prime Artist of Physicke; present our Loue unto him; the desire we have to see him; how much we relye on him; the necessity of his repair: which shall individually tye us to him. Argu-

Argument.

Themiſta *deſcants on the birth and worth of* Aeſculapius, *the admirable effects of Phyſicke; with a juſt and judiciall reproofe of all Empiricks.*

Poesy I.

BEtwixt ſuch men there is great ods
Whoſe parents are immortall Gods
and have their birth above;
And thoſe who take their birth frõ mẽ,
Or from low Earth, derive their ſtem,
as their owne acts approve.

Great Æſculapius, *who was bred*
Of heav'nly not of earthly ſeed
doth his rich gifts impart;

Nor

Lib. 2.

Nor is hee honoured in scorne
By Pagans in a Serpents *forme,*
But for his divine art.

For as the Serpents *watchfull care*
Exceeds all other Creatures farre
In wit and policie:
So Æsculapius *doth exceede*
All Artists sprung of mortall seed
In his dexteritie.

Thrice sacred Art! which dost restore
To life, what was decay'd before,
And re-infusest breath
To breathlesse souls, by giving health
The rich & poor mans chiefest wealth
To stay th'arrest of death.

But hapless they, who deadly sicke,
Relye upon an Empiricke
Whose physick makes them worse,
For what he doth apply to them
Agrees not with the state of men
But rather with his horse.

"*You then, on whom distempers make surprize,*
"*Be known to such, have practise and advice.*

Argu-

Argument.

Aeſculapius *offers his beſt ſervice to* Themiſta; *She diſcovers unto him the cauſe of her griefe; Shee remembers the endeared name of her* Parthenius; *His Poeme; the many vertues which did enrich him: She intreats* Aeſculapius *his beſt ſuccour; and hee promiſeth his beſt art and aſſiſtance unto her.*

Proſe

PROSE II.

NO sooner had *Euphorbius* delivered his Ladies Message to *Aesculapius*, who was then engaged in sundry Cures of great difficulty, by meanes of *Priapus* and his dissolute followers, (who had brought a dangerous disease into that Province where he resided:) then presently, this divine Artist repaired to *Themista*, offering to her his best service; which was accepted by her with much thankfull enter-

entertainement and affectionate ſolace. And ſitting together in a delightfull Arbour, without more delay, She diſcovered the cauſe of her griefe unto him, in this manner. *Lib. 2.*

Renowned Sir, to impart unto you, the grounds of our griefe in every particular, would require an ample volume of *Iliads*: Neither would time ſuffice, nor your numerous imployments admit, any ſuch copious relations. In one word, if miſerably-perplexed *Hecuba*, whoſe fortune in her time had no

Lib. 2.

paralell, expressed such disconsolate effects in the sad ashes of her ruin'd *Troy*, and her slaughterd Children; We are sure the sorrowfull Scene of our Tragicke mishaps, may deserve some *Annals* to memorize them, lest continuance of time might burie in oblivion, the heavy issue of such dolefull occurrents. Wee well remember, how *Polo* the tragedian, acting the part of *Electra* upon the Stage; and being mournefully to bring in the bones of her brother *Orestes* in a pot, hee brought in the bones of his

his owne Sonne lately buried, that the ſight of them might wring forth true tears indeed; and by their paſſionate preſentment of them, act it more feelingly: for objects of Ocular paſſion cannot chuſe but worke in the actors perſon. The ſame part may wee be truely ſaid to perſonate: Nor may we poſſibly ſo diſplay them to life, whom wee are here to preſent, as our afflicted breſt conceives: ſo that, as *Pictures* receive their life from *ſhadowes*, ſo are you *Aeſculapius* to conceive them

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ſhadowed, when our tongue cannot reach ſo high as to have them fully expreſſed.

For murdering wounds doe ever loſe their tongue;
"Small griefes do ſpeake, when greater griefes are dombe.

But you will ſay, true paſſion admits no Rhetoricall introductiō; 'tis true; yet fares it with us in this diſcovery of our freſh-bleeding woes, as it doth with ſuch, on whom the judgement of death being now pronounced, and now come to that fatall place, where they are to ſatisfie the Law, and diſburden their conſcious ſouls of

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of many ſecret facts, which till then, never came to light, nor admitted a diſcovery: many trifling delayes will they pretend, purpoſely to protract time, and enjoy the ſweet ſociety of an expiring life: But omitting theſe, wee will now deſcend to a free delivery of theſe our captiv'd and reſtrained griefes: in diſcovery whereof, pardon our effeminacy, if we drop ſome teares, to eaſe the ſurcharged relapſe, of our afflicted heart.

Know (quoth ſhe) thou divine Artiſt, that we were ſometimes ſtyled the *Sove-*

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raigneſſe of *juſtice*; and in perſon, intended our care to the execution of it. During which time, our impa-ralel'd State flouriſhed, Lawes were duely admini-ſtred, good men were re-warded, the evill juſtly pu-niſhed; the State of *juſtice* ſo equally poized, as *Saturns* age ſeem'd to be revived.

Having thus planted our State, we held our ſelves ſe-cure: but too much ſecurity gives vice opportunity to make her entry: for no ſoo-ner were wee removed (re-commending our govern-ment

ment to ſuch, whoſe fidelity we held ſo inviolably firme unto us, as nothing could divide them from us:) then that bleſſed State, where before never corruption raigned, no Oily nor Sycophant tongue ever pleaded, no malady nor diſtemper raged; became univerſally diſeaſed. Not one ſound Member left uninfected. Sundry vicious and malignant humours diſtilled from the head to the body: which ſo diſtempered the whole State, as nothing could bee more feared than an Epide-

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micall contagion. To give ſome wofull inſtances herein, that my griefe may appeare reall without diſſembling; truely paſſionate without faigning: what a number of *Conſcript-fathers* lye now deſperately languiſhing; & what ſmall hope have we of their recovering? Sicke, & heart ſicke they are; yet like Children, rather would they have their *Soares* to rankle, corrupt, and putrifie, than have their wounds ſearch'd, and ſo finde remedy. One wee had (and onely one) who was ſound at heart, whoſe

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whoſe name (and bleſt be the memoriall of ſo untainted a name) was *Parthenius*: to them onely odious, who were vicious; by them proſcribed, who were contagious; by all eſteemed, who were truely vertuous. Him they baniſhed in our abſence, nor ſince could hee ever be admitted to our preſence. Whoſe pregnancy may appeare by that Poeme which his nimble Notarie *Ephepomenos* in his perſon, ingeniouſly compoſed, and by a petitionary way in his Exile preſented, to expreſſe the

No greater argument of a corrupt State, than diſeſteeme of Merit.

Lib.2.

the wrongs he had ſuffered, and how injuriouſly the Cenſure of his proſcription had beene pronounced; nor ſhall it a little comfort us, to repeate it, now in his abſence (whoſe memory is ſo pretious to us) who firſt addreſs'd it:

Exil'd! ſterne State, what was the Corruptiõ, or neglect of lawes? (cauſe?
For th' firſt, I may be bold to ſweare,
I had leaſt ſhare in all the ſhere.
Ten yeares & more I ſerv'd the State,
Yet all that time I nothing gat:
And for the laſt, I never ſlept,
While other Birds *the* Capitol *kept.*
Speake Pig, Lamb, Chicken, Capon, Gooſe,
If ere I wrong'd ASTRÆAS *houſe,*
Or made it Errours Rendevous,
Or ever minc'd a Mittimus;

Or

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Or e're was of that nasty Tribe
To sleight a brawle, to take a Bribe;
Or sought a wrong cause to advance,
Or e're suppresst Recognizance:
If any these against me call,
I'le loose Man, Cognizance and all.
But trust me, State, *while I cõplain,*
My losse, me thinks, becomes my gain:
Now may I freely walke at large,
And ne're be put to any charge *:*
And view what weaklings cannot see,
The secrets of Philosophy:
Or with my Muse *in private meete,*
Lest Iustice *set us both by th'feete,*
While we be mone ASTRÆAS *throne*
To see a stone sit on a stone.
Thanks then not to my friend but foe,
Whose loving hate hath freed me so.
" Iust is my brethrens Bench I trust,
" And I've within a Brest as just.

Nor was he more pregnant in wit, than rich in the supply of all vertues: for all that knew him, will give this

Lib. 2.

this testimony of him, that his constancy in opposing strong delinquents, did exile him. For like an impregnable Rocke, he stood stoutly against all Opposition; or like a sweet cooling Spring in a desart, refreshed both himselfe, and others in their affliction, Or like green Bayes in hoary winter, flourished still in the most violent and tempestuous season. Such men have our corruptedst times brought forth, but those were rare, as *Soranus* and *Cannius*, *Phocion* and *Socrates*; whose surviving

ving vertues preſerue their memory to poſterity; and whoſe ſteps our *Parthenius* hath ſo well trac'd in acts of juſtice and piety.

But to you *Aeſculapius*, muſt wee addreſſe our requeſt; it is your ſuccour we intreate; whoſe Experienc'd art hath wrought ſuch admirable effects. Be it your Care to tender our *Senates* Cure. So ſhall you finde us juſt in our requitall of ſo ample a benefit, whenſoever opportunity ſhall ſo offer it ſelfe that we may ſhow it.

Whereto *Aeſculapius* replied;

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plied; As pitty moves me to commiserate your Estate (Noble Lady) so shall it appeare, that my zeale to your *Honour* is unfaigned, by the expression of my Cure. Let it suffice, Madame, that I doe here promise my best art and assistance in the accomplishment of your desires: Meane time, comfort your selfe with expectance, till time come that wee present to your *Honour* some manifest tokens of successe, by the effects of your practise.

Argu-

Argument.

Themiſta *bemones* Parthenius *his baniſhment; wiſhing him ſome rayes of comfort amidſt thoſe clowds of diſcontent: How meditation of others miſeries, is a ſoveraigne Balme to attemper, if not to cure any ones affliction.*

POESY II.

WHat age is this, when ſuch are forc't
Who liue the beſt, to fare the worſt?
What better may a State beſit
Then wiſedome, honeſty and wit?
Which in Parthenius *were compil'd,*
The onely cauſe hee was exil'd.

Had

Lib. 2.

Had he plaid Buffoun, Fawn or knave
To Pandor, flatter or deceive,
He had far more respected bin,
Nor felt those perils he is in:
For he by soothing great mens crimes
Had beene a Minion for these times.
But he still scornd such base extreams
To gather wealth, by servile means:
He rather did the Gods beseech
Pure to live poor than basely rich.
Well then, though thou an Exile be,
Thou hast a brest to comfort thee:
Choice vertues to thy Cell frequent,
To cleare those clouds of discontent
With sacred rayes, to crown my wish,
"That Exile may become thy blisse.
But while our dolefull Eare applies
Her selfe to others miseries,
A soveraign Balm they doe procure
To temper ours, if not to cure:
For when we others woes expresse,
They heale our own, or make thē lesse.
But so it fareth not with mine,
For they'r increas'd with thought of thine.

Argument.

Argument.

Aesculapius *delivers his opinion touching his Patients; their wounds must be discovered, before they be cured; Hee enjoynes them one by one to shew unto him how they are handled, that receits to the quality or distemper of the Patient may be seasonably ministred.*

PROSE III.

THis exquisite Artist *Aesculapius*, having duely observed their distinct humours, passions, symptoms and dispositions; freely in this manner delivered his opinion, touching his Patients.

It is easie (said he) to collect by the outward *Physnomy*, that there is an inherent Malady: but there is some difficulty in discovering, the true nature or effects of that infirmity, by any conjecture derived externally. Wee of our

Lib. 2.

our profeſſion receive eſpe-
ciall notions by the Patients
urine, and by other practick
meanes, whereof our expe-
rienc't Artiſts make ſingular
uſe: yet may we erre in theſe,
be our judgements never ſo
cleare; becauſe the Water
doth not ever diſcover the
quality of the humour: yea, I
my ſelfe have heard of one
within theſe few years, who
was eſteemed an Eminent
Profeſſor in our art, and of
excellent judgement in wa-
ters, to have returned his o-
pinion, that ſuch a water as
was brought unto him, (ra-

Lib. 2.

ther indeed to try him, than any neceſſity they had to employ him) was the water of one who was deepely fallen into a Conſumption, yet was it the Stale of a fat Palfrey, as appear'd afterwards upon diſcovery. I hold it then very needfull in the whole courſe of our Practice (if the Patient be not altogether inſenſible of his owne griefe, by reaſon of the height or extenſion of his Malady, or incapably of any ſuch diſcovery in reſpect of his infancy) that he freely diſcloſe the nature or condition

dition of his owne griefe: by ſhewing in every particular how he is handled; at what times moſt diſtemperd; how in his Siedge, how in his ſtomacke affected: all which are ever by the Patient himſelfe beſt diſcovered, and upon his relation, by Phyſicall directions beſt attempered. My Concluſion then ſhall be this; foraſmuch as no wound can be poſſibly cured, unleſſe it be firſt diſcovered; nor ſalued, unleſſe to the bottome ſearched: I hold it not onely fit, but neceſſarily conſequent, that

Lib. 2.

Lib. 2.

one after another hee brought forth in a Chaire, and before they receive their meanes of Cure, diſclole truely how they feele themſelves handled: that a receit to the quality of the diſeaſe might be ſeaſonably miniſtred.

VVhereto, after *Themiſta* had condeſcended, her diſtemper'd *Statiſts* were brought forth one after another, according to their degree and order; whom *Aeſculapius* his Boy comforted with a muſicall meaſure after this manner.

Argu-

Argument

Harmonious, Aeſculapius *his Boy, comforts the deiected Patients; recounting what innumerable difficult Cures his Maſter had effected.*

POESY III.

TAke courage to you Sirs,
Of this you may be ſure,
Who has you now in hand
Hath done as great a Cure.
When Nonius *that ſame ſcabbe*
Did of a Strume *complaine,*
He cur'd th' impoſtume quite
By opening of a vaine.
Demoſthenes *was hoarſe*
And could not raiſe a note,
Yet cur'd he him, and pull'd
An Oxe *out of his throate.*

Lib. 2.

Stesichorus, whose veine
Was fluent and divine,
The onely Lyricke straine
Reputed in his time,
When he had lost his eyes
Through Helena's disgrace,
My Master them restor'd
And set them in their place.
Theotmius was choak't
With Helleborian fume,
Yet he his gullet swept,
And brought his pipes in tune.
Diaphanus as cleare
As ever christall was,
That any one might view
His guts as he did passe,
Was by his art so clos'd
With Cement that he made,
That nought could be descride
Within his solid shade.
Stilpho a man of note,
But fiercer than a Lyon,
More wanton than a Goate,
He made more chaste than Dian.
Lime-twigs were Brusons hands,
They were but touch and take,

His

His pilfring was his Lands,
Yet them ſo ſtench did make
By oyles which he applide,
As theft did him diſpleaſe:
Thus hath his art beene tride
With thouſands more than theſe.
Take courage then; that care
Which he in theſe did ſhew,
His wiſedome will not ſpare
To any one of you.

Argument.

Themiſta *cauſeth* Metoxos, *the ancientſt of her Senators to be brought forth; Shee acquaints him with her Care for his Cure; She wils him to declare unto* Aelculapius, *how he feeles himſelfe handled, and to what diſtempers moſt ſubiect*

Lib. 2.

iect; Metoxos *discovers his griefe, with the effects of his distemper, in each particular.*

PROSE IV.

NO sooner had that admirable Artist told *Themista*, what necessity and consequent utility there was in the discovery of a Patients griefes; and how none, were he never of so quicke and piercing a judgement, could come so fully to the knowledge of their distemper, as when the Sufferer himselfe became the Relator; then this equall Soveraignesse

Lib. 2.

veraigneſſe of Iuſtice; *Themiſta*, cauſed *Metoxos*, the antientſt of all her Senators to be brought forth, acquainting him with her Care for his Cure: Which done, after ſome comfortable exhortations to prepare his feeble and uncompoſed minde, She wil'd him to declare there unto *Aeſculapius* how he felt himſelfe handled; how in the ſtate of his body diſpoſed, and to what diſtempers moſt ſubject. *Themiſta* was not more ready to command, than *Metoxos* was to obey; ſo as, raiſing

Lib. 2.

sing himselfe a little in his Chaire, and borne up with pillowes to give him more ease, with the best voyce that his enfeebled spirits could afford, he begunne to discover his griefe, with the effects, in these particulars.

Seeing Madame (said he) that it is your sacred pleasure, that I disclose mine owne griefes, which by continuance, are growne so habituate, as I solace my selfe in my sufferings, I will humbly observe your command.

1 First then, I must ingenuously confesse, there is such a secret

Lib. 2.

ſecret ſympathy betwixt my nature and the temper of that metall, as I can ſee no *gold* but my *teeth water*. 2 There is ſuch an extenſion likewiſe of my ſinewes, as mine *hand* is ever *open*, nor can I for a world *ſhut* it together, till ſome powder of the foreſaid Minerall cloſe it. 3 I feare too, a decay in my Lungs; for I am become of late very *aſthmaticall*: and am oft times troubled with a ſwelling in my throat (when *Saturne* is predominant) ſo as I cannot for the whole world *ſpeake* for my

Lib. 2.

my Client. 4. I am a little troubled with the *Migrim*, which makes mee I cannot looke *steadily* upon a just Complainant. And albeit, I must confesse, that I am an old man, and that the very Lampe of my life is nearely spent, yet doe I 5 affect dalliance, and am infinitely taken with three Curtezans, *Philia*, *Dusnoia*, *Aneleutheria*: the immoderate haunting of whose company hath so weakned my spirits, as it hath driven mee into a *Consumption*.

Argu-

Argument.

Themista *laments the misery of their condition, who make* gold *their* god; *or proportions* Iustice *by amity, Enmity, or commodity; Nothing so pretious to a composed minde, as integrity.*

POESY IV.

WRetched are worldlings, who their hopes doe set-
On the base rubbish of an earthly mettall, (tle
Which like to bright glasse, though it shine, is brit-
When it is used. (tle

Like Midas *blinded with an endlesse hunger,*
They reare an Idoll to their Isis *honour,*
Gold is their sole God, and they doate upon her
Shamelesse abused.

Yet

Yet worse are they far, who doe Justice measure
By profit, hatred, or unequall favour,
Where he that gives most, may respective have her
As he desireth.

Like to a fresh Rose in a Spinet closed,
Nothing's so pretious as a minde composed,
Pure and untainted is her heav'nly Closet
Where she retireth.

Argument.

Themista *causeth* Metoxos *to withdraw;* Epimonos *is called forth, who after some reluctancy (sorting well with the* pertinacy *of his Spirit) shewes after what manner hee is handled.*

Prose

PROSE V.

METOXOS having ſo freely diſcovered his diſtemper, *Themiſta* cauſed him to withdraw, and keepe apart from conſorting with any (being told firſt by *Aeſculapius*, that his diſeaſe was very contagious) and acquainting him withall, that *Aeſculapius* would take courſe for his recovery as well as the reſt, after hee had heard a free and particular diſcovery of every ones diſtemper & infirmity.

Lib. 2.

Which done, *Epimonos* was called forth, who diſcovering at his very firſt approach his refractorie nature, after ſome reluctancy, ſuiting well with the *Pertinacy* of his ſpirit, ſhewed after what manner he was handled, in this ſort.

Since I muſt perforce, (ſaid hee) addreſſe my ſelfe to doe what mine owne nature will hardly incline unto (though, I muſt confeſſe, I had farre rather labour ſtill of my ſuppoſed diſtemper, than be put out of my humour;) I will for once, Madam,

dam, become mine owne Anatomiſt before your *Honour*, and this reverend *Artiſt*, whom you ſo highly tender. 1. I feele very uſually ſuch a *ſtiffneſſe* or unpliableneſſe in my ſelfe, as I would not willingly bee either *led* or *driven*. 2. The more I am *mov'd*, the leſſe I *feele*. 3. I have got ſuch a *buzzing* in mine head, as I can *heare* no mans *opinion* but *mine owne*. 4. And now of late, grown ſo *inſenſible* of my *malady*, as I greatly feare, ere long, to fall into an *Apoplexy*.

Lib. 2.

Argument.

Themista *justly reproves such, as being wedded to their owne* opinion, *will not incline to* Reason, *but preferre a precipitate will before a deliberate* judgement.

Poesy V.

Like to a Top which runneth round,
And never winneth any ground;
Or th' dying vicen of a Vine,
That rather breaks than it will twine:
Or th' Sight-lesse Moale, *whose life is spent,*
Divided from her Element:
Or Plants remov'd from Tagus *shore,*
Who never bloome, nor blossome more:

Or

Or darke Cimmerians, *who delight*
In ſhadie ſhroud of pitchie night:
Or mopping Apes, *who are poſſeſt*
Their Cubbes are ever prettieſt:
So hee, who makes his owne opinion
To be his one and onely Minion:
Nor will incline in any ſeaſon
To th' weight of proofe or ſtrength of reaſon,
But prefers will *precipitate*
'Fore judgement *that's deliberate:*
He nere ſhall lodge within my roofe,
Till rectifide by due reproofe,
Hee labour to reforme this ill,
By giving way to others will.

Argument.

Themiſta *cauſeth* Vperephanos *to be brought forth; who after ſome* arrogant *paſſages, ſprung from an inſolent humour, is at laſt content to*

Lib.2.

disclose the nature of his distemper.

PROSE VI.

SHortly after, upon *Themista's* especiall command, was *Vperephanos* brought forth; who, after some *arrogant* passages distemperately uttered, in holding himselfe exempt from others command, was at last content (with much seeming discontent) to discloſe the nature of his distemper.

Although (said he) I know no

no Soveraignty whereto I am ſubject, unleſſe my own diſpoſition in meere curtſy, give way unto it; or this abſolute *Soveraigneſſe* of *juſtice* injoyne it, I will daigne to ranke my ſelfe with others, (though much inferiour to my ranke) in this naked diſcovery.

So it is with me, 1. that I verily thinke my ſelfe (eſpecially at the *full* of the *Moone*, and when the *Dogge-ſtarre* rageth) to be *Atlas*, and that the weight of the whole world lyes upon my ſhoulders. 2. I feare much, that

Lib. 2.

this life ſhall no ſooner leave me, than the world will make an *Idoll* of me. 3. I feele a perpetuall tinckling and ſowing in mine Eares; and theſe I hold to be the tongues of the State, who are chanting my praiſes. 4. I wonder how the world was governed before I came into it. 5. I neither ſee nor heare any, but they admire me; and were *I Iſis Palfrey*, they would adore mee. 6. *I* finde a windy or flatuous matter neare to the Orifice of my ſtomack, which gathers like a purſe, and fals into

Lib. 2.

into my bladder. 7. *I* am troubled with many humerous and fantaſticke dreams, amongſt which, that *I* have a ſhuttle-Cocke in my brain; and am ſwallowing Gudgeons. 8. And when *I* awake and walke abroad, *I* am ſo taken up with *favour* and *fancy*, as when *I* am my ſelfe, and in good temper, *I* doubt verily *I* ſhall fall into a *phrenſie*.

Argument.

Themiſta *wonders how any one ſhould bee ſo much tranſ-*

transported with vaine-glory, *as to bee wholly forgetfull of their owne frailty. The onely way to humble man, is to consider how many imperfections accompany him, and how short hee comes, in ought that may truely accomplish him.*

POESY VI.

Why should man be transported with conceit
Of fame, strength, beauty, excellency of wit?
Or catch himselfe with a vaineglorious *bait?*
Or make his soule a servile prey to it?
Why should hee th' robe of frailty *so forget?*
Which like a mirrour or true chrystall glasse,
Presents his native face wheres'ere he passe.

Should hee conceive what imperfections *are,*
In Check-roule his attendants; which obscure
Those glimmering vertues in him few and rare;
What poore defence to keepe his fort secure;

How

How hee's hemm'd in with danger ev'ry houre;
How hee exceeds in Complements of ſin;
How ſhort in that which ſhould accompliſh him.

O then I know this painted Butterfly
Would hang his wing, and yeeld himſelfe a man!
A man! the Embleme of mortality;
Who, if he would but imitate the Swan,
And eye his feete, *he would be humbler than!*
Since his beſt vertues, *if to life expreſt,*
Are but reſplendent vices *at the beſt.*

Argument.

Themiſta *cals forth* Meilixos; *who in all ſubmiſſive manner ſhewes the* weakeneſſe *of his Conſtitution by nature.*

Proſe

PROSE VII.

NO sooner was that *vaine glorious Statist* remov'd, being to retire to a private Cell or recluse divided from the rest; fearing, belike, his distemper, which was sometimes furious beyond measure; than *Themista* (whose Care was ever addressed for their Cure) cals forth *Meilixos*; who in all humble and submissive manner shewed; That from his very child-

hood,

hood, hee was of a *weake* conſtitution; 2. Of an *eaſie* and facile nature; 3 Ever *cold* & aguiſh; 4. Subject to bleeding; 5. And ſinew-ſhrunk: 6. Hee was growne ſo *feeble*, as he could ſcarcely *ſupport* himſelf: 7. He found a great decay in his ſight, and could goe no way but as others *led* him. Hee would freely ſubmit himſelfe to any extremity, ſo hee might enjoy the leaſt hope of recovery; but hee greatly feared an hereditary Malady, deſcending to all his family, and that was an *Epilepſie*. *Lib.* 2.

Argu-

Argument.

Themista *comforts* Meilixos; *She assures him his disease is not desperate;* Cordials *rather than* Corrasives *are to be applied: wherein shee submits her selfe to* Aesculapius *opinion.*

POESY VII.

BE of good comfort, thy weake state
Meilixos, *is not desperate.*
Let thy dead spirits be reverst,
By recollecting them disperst.
Thou hast a feeling of thy griefe,
Which promiseth more quicke reliefe
Than those, whom sharper fits assayle,
And cannot tell us what they ayle.

This

This Expert Man, thou maiſt be ſure, Lib. 2.
By his Experienc't Care, and Cure,
Will thy diſtemper take away,
Or by his Art the griefe allay.
" *For ſuch as have both* skill *and* will,
" *Doe often* Cure, *but ſeldome* kill.
Now, my conceit is that theſe grieves
Crave Cordials *more thã* Corraſives:
In which opinion I ſubmit
To Æſculapius, *as is fit.*

Argument.

Themiſta *ſends for* Vpotomos; *Shee commands him to diſcover his griefe, which hee performes with much diſcontent.*

Proſe

PROSE VIII.

NOt a little was *Meilixos* comforted, by these sweet measures; so as his very Countenance gave promising hopes of his recovery. But being commanded to retire, and with patience attend the opportunity of his Cure; *Themista* forthwith sent for *Vpotomos*; who presented himselfe with a *sterne* and rough Countenance: indifferent he seem'd who were pleas'd, who displeas'd: full of

of diſcontent was his viſage: nothing but fire and fury ſparkled from his eyes: ſmall was the reverence he ſhewed in the preſence of his Soveraigneſſe. In one word, hee ſeem'd as if he had falne at oddes with himſelfe; ſo cloudy was his Countenance, ſo diſtaſtfull his appearance. Being at laſt commanded to diſcover his griefe (whereof hee retain'd an *Index* in his face) and in what ſort hee felt himſelfe diſtempered; as one incenſed with that command, and fixing his Ferret eyes in a

Lib. 3

Lib. 2.

furious and diſpaſſionate manner, with much averſeneſſe returned this anſwer.

It is not my condition to thaw or reſolve into teares, nor come with an *Humble complaining*, like that *white-liver'd Senator*, whoſe effeminate nature diſcovers the *Babie* to be of a poor & irreſolute téper. I can diſcloſe my griefe without a groane; and my paine without a plaint: which, to ſatisfie my ſelfe, next your command, Lady; to whom by our Officiall degrees we owe ſome Soveraignty, I ſhall briefly unfold.

Lib. 2.

fold. For my Conſtitution, it is ſtrong and full of vigour, unleſſe ſome violent fit of *anger* bring it to diſtemper. From whence ſome incident Maladies ariſe, which enfeeble the ſtrength of nature; and whereof I ſhall here returne a relation more punctually particular. 1. Firſt then, I can juſtly complaine of nothing more than *inflammation* of mine *eyes*, and *heat* of *ſtomacke*. 2. And I verily thinke, that my too long familiarity with one *Eris*, a neare acquaintance of mine, hath ſo infected my bloud,

Lib. 2.

as it is impossible to bring it to a right temper; so as this exquisite Artist of yours (Madame) may save that labour. For I never yet saw that *object*, which gave mee delight; nor that *Subiect*, wherein I tooke content. 3. I am subject to fearefull dreames, which so startle and distract me, that albeit I am but seldome drunke, yet am I never *mine owne man*, neither sleeping nor waking. 4. I am grievously troubled with *stitches*, and with that incessancy of passion, as they admit no intermission. All which

which together, heate my bloud ſo intemperately, as I much feare a dangerous *Pluriſie.*

Argument.

Themiſta *condemns theſe fiery and furious* Spirits, *who ever labour to diſtemper: and before ever they heare the cauſe, pronounce their cenſure. As wounds are to be ſearched, ſo are they with* Oyle *to be ſuppled, and with* Balme *healed.*

POESY VIII.

YEE fiery furious spirits, sonnes of thunder,
Who sil judiciall seats with nought but wonder;
Yee labour of distemper; rack our Lawes,
Pronouncing judgement ere you heare the cause!
Know yee shrill Bonargs, for to you we speak,
Whose State-recov'ry is the goale we seek, (ting,
Thunder spoiles fruits when they are in their set-
Sharp doomes indurate natures most relenting.
The glorious Sunne works by divine reflex
On sev'rall subjects, sev'rall effects;
For when hee's pleas'd his tresses to display,
Same beames which soften wax, do harden clay.
For howsoe're all of one masse be made,
Yet equally all are not tempered.
This then my counsell is, lest Iustice wither,
Favour and rigour must be mixt together;
So wounds wel searcht, (tis folly to conceale them)
There's Oyle to supple, and a Balm to heale them.

Argu-

Argument.

Themiſta *ſends for* Amerimnos *to come unto her, whom her faithfull ſervant* Euphorbus *findes ſleeping in a corner; Being asked the ground of his diſtemper, after a nod or two, hee returnes her this anſwer.*

PROSE IX.



HAt ſullen diſcontented *Malevolo*, had no ſooner upon *Themiſta's* command re-

*Lib.*2.

tired, being close pent up in a Cave, lest he should quarrell with the light (a Consort much different to his unsociable humour) for privacy was his Lawne, and discontent his Lure: then *Themista* sent her faithfull servant *Euphorbius* for *Amerimnos*, the very last of her *Patricians*, to come unto her; whom hee tooke napping, for he found him sleeping in a corner. Long did he whup and hollow, but all in vaine; *Endymion never slept soundlier on *Latmus* mount, than this *State-crickit* did in his Chim-

* *Endymion* vero si fabulas audire volumus, nescio quando in

Chimney nooke. Many wayes he uſed to awake him forth of that *Lethæan* ſlumber, by cramping, tickling under th'eare, applying fumes to his noſe; but fruitleſſe was all *Euphorbus* praćtiſe: till at laſt, ſtarting ſuddenly out of his dreame, hee called aloud *Sympotio*, *Sympotio*, (for ſo was the Yeoman of his Cellar called) *bring me a luſty Cup of* Frontineack, *to cleare mine eye-ſight this morning*; but hee was much miſtaken both for the time o'th day, & his liquor; for it was now drawing towards the

Lib. 2. Latmo obdormivit, nondum ut opinor experrećtus. Cicero lib. 1. Tuſcul. queſt.

Lib. 2.

the Evening; and for his *Frontineack*, there was none such in all his Cellar. Howsoever, *Euphorbus* had prevented his Carouse by his Message; being then to deliver unto him his thankless errand.

Long was it, after such time as *Euphorbus* had acquainted him with *Themista's* pleasure, before this dreaming man could call to minde what that Lady might be; so much had sleep dull'd him, or his darling *Sacke* besotted him, as a *mindlesse* oblivion had seaz'd on

Lib. 2.

on him, and made him quite forget who firſt advanc'd him. At laſt, rubbing his over-ſteep'd noddle, & ſounding a retrait to his wandring ſenſes, who were gone a wooll-gathering, hee gave eare to *Euphorbus* meſſage; and with an *indented* pace (with two *Bonſocio's* to ſupport him) addreſſed himſelfe with beſt ſpeed he could, towards *Themiſta*: by whom being asked the ground of his diſtemper, after a nod or two, he returned this drowſie anſwer.

Madame, I tooke very good

Lib.2.

good rest, before your Servant call'd mee, and should shortly doe so againe, if you would but dismisse mee. Truth is, I am neither greatly sicke nor well: for mine appetite to eate, drinke and sleepe, did never yet faile me; but it fares with me as with them that are taken with an *Atrophie*, though I feed well; 1. I thrive ill. In the afternoone, I am ever taken with a 2. *dry Hecup*: which makes mine head so heavy, as i'm enforc'd to lay my Chin on my Breast: I know not what *familiar* hath throwne his

his Clubbe over me, but queſtionleſſe, there is ſome Gipſie tricke in it, for I can never heare *Iuſtice* talkt of, but I muſt have a 3. nappe. I am ever 4. dreaming on the Bench, that I am ſhooting at rovers, which makes me to pronounce judgement at hap hazard: wherein (like a juſt man) I am ignorantly innocent whether it paſſe for *Plaintiffe* or *Defendant*. The greateſt fault I finde with my ſelf, is my 5. *defect* of *memory*; ſo as I verily thinke, I ſhall play *Meſſala Corvinus*, and forget my owne name, and ſo

Lib. 2.

so by degrees fall into a *Lethargy*.

Argument.

Themista *concludes, that there can bee no secure State, where* Security *sits at the Sterne. She solicites* Aesculapius *Care, and recommends them to his Cure.*

Poesy IX.

How can that State be secure,
Or true freedome ever erne,
Where Security *hath power,*
To direct and guide the Sterne?
Haplesse-hopelesse is that Clime,
Which is of this humour sicke,

And

And in ſleepe conſumes her time,
Ruine to ſtates politicke.
" States are ever moſt ſecure,
" When they hold thēſelves leaſt ſure.

But you grave Artiſt, we ſollicit
Who daign'd our Patients to viſit,
Neither care nor coſt to ſpare,
So you cure them by your Care.
" For we to that skill of yours
Recommend our Senatours:
Praying Heav'ns your Cure to bleſſe,
And to crowne it with ſucceſſe.

THE

The CONSVLs *Cure.*

The third Book.

Argument.

Aesculapius *admires the difference of their distempers; and after some discourse of his travaile and practise, prescribes Physicall directions to* Metoxos.

Prose

PROSE I.

WHen the Learned *Aeſculapius* had heard this free delivery of their infirmities; turning to *Themiſta*, Madam (ſaid hee) I never found more different diſtempers in any State. Through moſt parts of the whole World have I travailed, and in my travaile practiſed either in my owne perſon or by mine Agents. Where in my Survey of this Vniverſe, and the exerciſe

Lib. 3.

of my Profession, I encountred with divers Maladies, which had made Fooles of the best Physitians: yet with Cures of more difficulty than these, have I seldome grappled. Personally stood I engaged for the service of *Athens*, when that great Plague so universally raged, as there sufficed not among the living to burie the dead. Even then, I say, when that flourishing *Treopagus*, where those judicious Senators (surnamed *Areopagites*) exercised judgement was not onely left desolately unfrequented,

ted, but the very Seates of *Iustice* were with brambles ouer-shadowed; the publique Market place where such Confluence of people from all Coasts and Countries resorted, with grasse covered; those sumptuous buildings, wherein Art seem'd to contend with her selfe, utterly relinquished; and those glorious Temples of the gods, by reason of shady Coverts so obscured, as their magnificence could not be discerned. When (I say) nothing but an universall desolation had seaz'd on that disconso-

Lib. 3.

late City, so as her very enemies, who sometimes maligned her happinesse, now melted into teares to see her glory so eclipsed, and to misery reduced. Even then did I happily arrive at *Pylæ*, and by my art so purified the ayre (which was then so infected, as the very Birds fell downe dead with corruption of it) as in very short time, the City recovered, the Senators returned, the Citizens re-inhabited their relinquished Mansions.

The like service I did to the flourishing State of *Sparta*,

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Sparta, where they erected a Temple to mine honour; and retaine to this day the memory of me in a ſumptuous Statue, which they reared for me. *Bizantium* will acknowledge the like courteſie; and ſo will all States, who have at any time beene ſurprized with any raging malady.

But this I doe not ſpeake of to ſet my ſelfe at Sale, or like our Mercenary Mountebanke, to erect a Stage for diſcovery of my Cures; and by a Comick Enterlude with a ſervile Buffoun, toole my

Lib. 3.

ſelfe into popular eſteeme: or ſet up in ſome frequented place, a fictitious Catalogue of my incredible Cures; Or hang up my Picture, to enforce a deeper impreſſion in the taking eye of the vulgar; Or with ſophiſticated oyles, delude the ſight of a bleere-ey'd Spectator. No; I doe value more the honour of my Profeſſion, than to ſet it at ſo low a rate as to begge eſtimation: or by ſordid means ſcrue my ſelfe into opinion. True worth can never admit of Oſtentation. It ſhall be my glory to afford my beſt

beſt art to others neceſſity; wherein their health ſhall be my higheſt gaine, their recovery my wiſhed goale. And to you, Madam, doe I ſpeake it, whoſe vertuous fame ſhall ever endeere mee to your memory (nor was I ever conſcious of flattery) that my Practiſe hereupon theſe your diſtempered *Statiſts* ſhall manifeſt to the world, that effects give the beſt approvement to all Profeſſions. But delay miniſters fuell to a growing diſeaſe; this Preamble, Madam, was but to acquaint you with

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the method of our Profession, who must aggravate the difficulty of their Cure, to procure them the more credit.

Whereat, *Themista* smiling, replied; Renowned Sir, Leave that Method to such novice Artists, who stand in need of a publique Cryer of their Cures; for your selfe, we dare avouch, that so much are you indebted to fame, or shee rather indeered to you, that you cannot be more highly possest of opinion than you are. That fame of *Pergamus*, your Schol-

Scholler *Galen*, hath diſperſt your glory by the excellency of his art. That joynt name of Sixe renowned Phyſitians, *Hippocrates* hath with no leſſe repute advanced you. That ſurviving glory of *Anazarba*, *Dioſcorides*, whom the familiarity ſhowne him by thoſe princely but unhappy Amoriſts, *Marke Antony*, and *Cleopatra*, ſo highly raiſed; hath with no leſſe art improved your fame. The univerſall opinion which all Nations retaine of you, may be probably gathered, by thoſe many

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ny Temples erected to your Honour, and entitled by your owne Name, the more to dilate your honour. What Statues have beene reared, what Shrines erected for you? and how severely have punishments beene inflicted on such as have either detractively inveyed against you, or sacrilegiously dishonoured you? Which might be instanced in the misfortunes of *Dionysius*; who, though he made a jeast of Sacriledge, and gave easie reines to all prophaneness, yet his exile from the flowry boun-

boundiers of his Empire, rewarded him for his impious designes towards the Gods: amongst which, for the dishonour hee did unto you, *Aesculapius*, in cutting off your beard, and clozing up his Sacriledge with a jeere, saying, *it was unfit, for you the Sonne to have a beard, and your Father* Apollo *to have none.*

It is true, Lady, (answered *Aesculapius*) just was the censure inflicted on *Dionysius*; but undeserved was his impiety towards mee, for those many favours which his

*Lib.*3.

his Countrey had received from me. Howsoever, you shall know (Madame) that I was never ambitious after fame; which, for the most part, is sooneſt procured, when it is least desired: for where *vertue* is the sole ground of our actions, it ever drawes to her some discerning Spectators to crown them with a deserving applause. Ever to doe good hath beene mine ayme without affectation; for actions done for vaine-glory, lose their desert; but protraction in Cures; gives life to distempers.

pers. It is more than high time, that we now addreſſe our ſelfe to our Practiſe: wherein, though moſt of our ſurreptitious *Empiricks*, gaine them *experience* by the *death* of their *Patients*; our Patients (ſo heavens breath on our Endeavours) ſhall ſuffer no ſuch fatall prejudice by our Experience. *Lib.* 3.

Nor doe we feare it, *Aeſculapius*, (anſwered *Themiſta*,) where Theory, Practiſe, and Honeſty meete together in one Subject, the Cure cannot but promiſe ſucceſſe; proceed then happily

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pily to your succeeding fame, and your Patients cheerefull recovery.

Aesculapius having thus received *Themista's* charge, for the Care and Cure of her *Consuls*; prepares proper receits to be seasonably applyed to every Malady. Hee craves *Eucrisius* assistance; whose presence assures him of succesſe in his Practise. And first, because first in order, and a distemper of infinite danger, and therefore requisite to have the expeditest Cure, he cals forth *Metoxos*, to whom he gives these

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theſe directions.

Metoxos, you have a foule body, full of vicious and malignant humours, my opinion therefore (drawne from the ſeldome erring rule of judgement and practiſe) is this; that you firſt be *purged*, that your body may be better *prepared*. Secondly, you muſt be *blooded*, that all corrupt, clotted and congealed blood may bee *removed*. Thirdly, you muſt have a *vomit*, that all crudities which lye rotting about your ſtomacke, may bee *exhaled*. The neceſſity of which Experiments

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periments shall appeare (said *Aesculapius*) by the effects, which each of these produce.

1. For your *Siege*, the Lake *Cocitus*, or *Stimphalus* were odoriferous Bathes unto it. The whole History of *Ajax* cannot show the like: for the luscious't nutriment ever renders the loathsomst excrement.

2. Secondly, for your *blood*, it is so thicke and corrupt, as *Buls* blood is of a pure, simple, and subtile quality in comparison of it: which may appeare by the standing colour,

colour, or *Iewiſh* tincture you have in your face, which being laid on with an *Aurum technicum*, cannot bluſh. *Lib.* 3.

3. Thirdly, for the *Crudities* of your *Stomacke*; they are ſo numerous, and thoſe ſo onerous, as they that ſee your *Eiectments*, will hold them meere deceptions of the Sight: for ſometimes, you ſhall caſt up a whole Oxe (equall for proportion to *Milo's* Bull) which ſtucke ſo in your throat, as you could not ſpeak, but brought you by meanes of this Obſtruction, in great danger of

Lib. 3.

a *Squinancy*; other times, a Maſſie Baſen and Eure, all *partiall-guilt*; Now an hundred or two of Rixe dollors; and in the end, when your ſtomacke is diſgorged of theſe, you ſhall caſt up a whole Covy of Partridge, Ducke and Mallard, Cram'd Capons, with much other both wilde fowle and tame; all which lay fluttering on your queaſie ſtomacke, unconcocted. And all this by the ſorcery of your Curtezan *Analeutheria*.

Having preſcribed you theſe directions; and prepared

red for you a Pectorall of *Hearbe* of *Grace*: with a Plaiſter of *Liver-wort*, (for I conceive all theſe diſtempers to proceed from an *ill liver*) I muſt adviſe you to be patient in your Cure; which if you doe, I make little doubt, but to work a rare Cure upon you. For this hath beene ever my poſitive Concluſion in the whole courſe of my Practiſe, that there is nothing, which makes diſeaſes more incurable, than the negligence or impatience of the Patient: as might bee inſtanced in *Siſambres*; which

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Story, *Harmonius*, it is my pleasure you relate in a Musicall straine, while I prepare his Physicall ingrediences.

Argument.

Harmonius *relates how* Sisambres *one of King* Cambyses *iudges, and taken with like infirmity as* Metoxos *was, would not bee perswaded to take a purge; nor bee cured of those corrupt humours, wherewith hee was oppressed: which cost him his life, being by* Cambyses *Command flead, and his skinne*

skinne nayled to the judiciall Seate, upon which his Sonne, ſucceeding him, was to ſit, to put him in minde of his duty.

POESY I.

OFt would Cambyſes *that great* Perſian *King*
Acquaint Siſambres *with's diſeaſe,*
And to his Couch his choice Phyſitians bring,
Yet hee'd incline to none of theſe.
Purge, purge (ſaid one) Siſambres, *or you dye,*
Looke to't by time, you'r one of note;
A vomit take (ſaid this) for I deſcry
A ſtall-fed Oxe ſticke in your throat.
You'r ranke in blood, Sir, you muſt blooded be,
An other Artiſt to him ſaid,
There is no Cure like to Phlebotomie,
To have your humour right allai'd.
But none of theſe could any way prevaile,
Siſambres *their opinions ſleighted;*
Knows any (ſaid he) better what I ayle
Than I my ſelfe? that Art's quick-ſighted
That ſees more in us than our ſelves doe feele;
That wee'r diſtemper'd thus or thus,

Whereas our temper steeres the Common-weale;
"Physitians cure your selves not us.
Your purging pils, vomits, phlebotomie
Shall worke no practick Cure on mee;
He that is well how can he better be?
Be gone, your art deserves no fee.
" He that can feed and sleep, and take his ease,
" He may be sicke, but 'tis a sweet disease.
But poore deluded Iudge, he could not finde
That which most distemper'd him,
Those ranke corrupting humours of his minde,
Which caus'd him after loose his skinne.
For when no Art nor Counsell could perswade,
Cambyses *held it very meete,*
Sisambres *for example should be sleade,*
And's skinne nail'd to the iudgement seate,
That his succeeding Son might thence remember
The duty was impos'd on him,
To doe what's iust to all, as he did tender
The future safeguard of his skin.
" His griefe, Metoxos, *much resembled yours,*
"Purge then by time, & please Superiour powers.

Argu

Argument

Aeſculapius *preſcribes directions to* Epimonos; *diſeaſes* inſenſible *are moſt* incurable; *He is confident of his Cure, if hee freely ſubmit himſelfe to his Care: with the danger hee may incurre by declining from his preſcriptions. Small griefes in an untoward patient, become in ſhort time mortally deſperate. This he inſtanceth in the misfortunes of* M. Cælius, *the relation whereof hee recommends to* Harmonius.

PROSE II.

DIspoſed had this judicious Artiſt no ſooner of *Metoxos*, whoſe violent diſtemper required preſent reliefe; than, leaning a little on his Elbow, as one deepely engaged to ſome ſerious contemplation, hee in the end burſt out into theſe words.

Madame (quoth hee to *Themiſta*) it is an uſuall Proverbe in theſe parts, that the Ship had need be free from leakes, where the Pilot is drunke. What

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What doe you meane by that (anſwered *Themiſta*) Mary thus (quoth *Aeſculapius*:) your Grace hath here a faire, ample, & flouriſhing eſtate; of a large extent is your government; but the *members*, wherof your *State* conſiſts, had need bee well diſpoſed, when their *heads* be ſo diſtempered. How doe you thinke of us (anſwered *Themiſta*) we ſhould be the *Head*? doe you finde any ſuch diſtemper in our affections? Excuſe me, Madame, (replyed *Aeſculapius*) There is none that knowes you, but truely

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truely honours you; your actions are rightly squared; your affections sweetly tempered; your Scale of *Justice* equally poized: but a siniſter hand perverts it. The fountaine is not to be blamed, if any troubled or brackiſh water, partaking of the Earth, not of the Spring, corrupt it. Pure is her nature, and had ſo continued, had not ſome impurer mixture ſoil'd her; which is meerely contingent, and no way inherent to her. And how (ſaid *Themiſta*) might we reſtore theſe corrupted Conduits of ours

ours to their former purity? By preſerving and reteining your owne (anſwered *Aeſculapius*:) The *Vnicornes* horne being dipt in water, cleares and purifies it. In our applying Cures to Subjects of this nature, it muſt be our worke to *imitate*, but yours to *perfect*. Equall prejudice befals *Iuſtice*, either through your *abſence*, or *connivence*. Where, if a fluxe of humors be not timely prevented, the whole body will become ſhortly endangered. Truſt mee, Noble Lady, had my Patient *Metoxos* been begun with

*Lib.*3.

with in time, he might have beene cured with lesser difficulty and danger: for there is nought that more hazards us, than giving way to an humour. VVhich I shall returne manifest proofe of in the Cure of my next Patient, whose habituate infirmity will force me to the utmost of mine art; in trying many conclusions, e're I shall bring him to a perfect recovery. The more are we tyed to your attendance (answered *Themista*) being so full of practise, and those so powerfull and eminent Patients,

tients, which remaine under your Cure, in all parts where you reſide: but *Themiſta* knowes how to requite a Curtſie of ſuch high conſequence; which ſhall appeare in a more reall and expreſſive recompence. Preſents and ample promiſes are moving obiects to mercenary Profeſſants (anſwered *Aeſculapius*) but as Nature hath enabled me with gifts of knowledge, ſo hath ſhee given me a contented minde, to confine my deſires to my preſent fortune. To doe good ſhall bee my greateſt gaine; *Lib.3.*

Lib. 3.

gaine; more than this I little need, and to obtaine this ſhall be mine higheſt ayme. And ſo turning him towards *Epimonos*, who all this while ſate bolt upright in a chaire, without any ſenſible appearance of paine, hee freely imparted his minde unto him, in this manner.

I am not ignorant, *Epimonos*, what danger you are in; yet let not this amate you: the more danger in the Cure, the more ſhall be my Care. Be you confident in hope, as I conſtant with my beſt helpe. My direcâi-

ons

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ons ſhall be uſefull, & withall, ſo experimentall, as being carefully obſerved, they ſhall in very ſhort time, become(in your particular)ſoveraigne and healthfull.

Firſt then, foraſmuch as I very well know the *pertinacy* of your humour to bee ſuch, as it muſt be corrected, before any medicine can be properly applied, or uſefully miniſtred: I am of neceſſity to take this courſe(for milder receits might prove worſe) that Lenitive and mollifying plaiſters be uſed to ſoften the 1. *Stifneſſe* of your arteries;

to

Lib. 3. to lay *Cantarides* to your necke, to sucke away those 2. *Crude humours*, which by concretion so benumme and *stiffen* your necke, as you cannot bow it. I am to apply likewise, *Goats blood*, to dissolve that 3 *adamantine humour* congealed within the Membrane or thinne skinne which incloseth your heart. And because, diseases *insensible* are most *incurable*, I must use a little *searifying*, to bring you to a 4. *feeling* of your griefe, and perfecting my Cure Nor is this all, sundry other *ingrediences* are to be

be prepared, before a Cure of this difficulty can be poſſibly effected. I am therefore to preſcribe you a diet drinke, ſtrongly tempered with the juyce of *Morphaſmos* and *Aiſthema*, hearbs of ſoveraigne vertue for your Malady. Theſe muſt be daily applyed, and as hot as you may ſuffer them: Wherin I intend to be perſonally employed, that nothing may be omitted, for the expediting of your Cure. Neither let the long continuance of your Phyſicke any way diſhearten you; it is a con- *Lib.* 3.

Lib. 3.

stant Maxime amongst us; "No taske of difficulty can be effected speedily. Though our course bee slow, it will prove more sure. Our running *Empirickes*, who kill an hundred e're they come to so much experience as to cure one, would hold you in hand that this were but an easie Cure; yet twenty to one, they would kill you before they cur'd you. For their art is to heale the wound, but never search the Cause: so the skinne be whole, they never thinke of rankling within: But to the honour of

of your Princeſſe, to whoſe ſervice I have devoted my beſt art, and the benefit of my Patient whom I take in hand, you ſhall receive a more ſafe and ſoveraigne Cure from me. For I may aſſure you, out of my confidence of art, and his aſſiſtance, who gives proſperous ſucceſſe to all arts, that by obſerving my directions, you ſhall not onely prevent falling into an *Apoplexy*, (a ſpice whereof you have already) but Cure any other infirmity that hath befalne you, through your owne

Lib. 3.

opinionate *pertinacy*. For the Physitian conceives hope in Cures most difficult, where he hath to deale with a temperate Patient. Whereas, if you will not freely submit to my prescriptions, but with a violent swinge decline from my directions, looke upon the danger you incurre, and then thanke your owne opinionate error. Small griefes in an untoward Patient, become in short time mortally desperate: which might be instanced in the misfortunes of *M. Cælius*; the relation wher-

of,

of, that his fate may be your Caveat, I recommend to you *Harmonius*. *Lib.* 3.

Argument.

Harmonius *reports in theſe Muſicall dimenſions, how* M. Cælius, *becauſe hee could not endure any one to ſpeake but himſelfe, nor heare any ones opinion but his owne, nor uſe his hand in the pleading of any ones cauſe but his friends, became dombe, deafe, and lame: And being adviſed before, hee fell into the height of this extremity, to ſeeke for*

remedy, refuſed all advice, and ſo by being deprived of all ſenſe, fell into an Apoplexy.

POESY II.

THoſe, who their opinion prize
By their eſteeme, not others eyes;
Thoſe, who prefer their owne conceit,
And hold all other judgements weake:
Doe run their ſhip upon ſuch ſhelves,
They ſtill bring ruine to themſelves.
So Cælius *to opinion tide*
Could ſcorne all other men beſide,
And rudely interrupt their ſpeech,
And treat of things above his reach.
None their diſourſe could ſo contrive,
Nor their opinion freely give,
Nor ought determine, but his wit
Muſt newly forme and alter it.
But ſee the iſſue of this man,
And to what end he after came!
He, who himſelfe would onely heare,
And to another ſtoppe his Eare;

Who

Lib. 3.

Who was to that perverſeneſſe grown,
He'd ſleight aliudgments but his own;
Who would no good mans cauſe intẽd,
Nor plead for any but his friend;
See heav'ns iuſt judgement! he became
By ſacred doom, domb, deafe & lame.
And being adviſ'd to looke betime
Ere ſtrength of Nature did decline,
Still ſolely-wiſe he would deſpiſe
Their wholeſome councell and advice:
Till at the laſt depriv'd of ſence
And Reaſons ſacred influence,
An Apoplexy *ſeaz'd each part,*
Till death beſieg'd and tooke his hart.
"The way to purchaſe wiſedoms prize
" Is never to be overwiſe,
" And will appeare diviner ſtill
" By the reſigning of our will.

Argument.

Aeſculapius *acquaints* Vperephanos *with the difficulty*

Lib. 3.

of his Cure; the quality and variety of his receits; He exhorts him to patience, or his griefe will grow to more violence: This hee inſtanceth in Pytheas, *whoſe heavy fate hee leaves to the quicke touch and deſcant of* Harmonius.

PROSE III.

SVrely (ſaid *Aeſculapius* to *Harmonius*) thou haſt deblazoned the Tragicke Scene of *Cælius* misfortunes in right colours: for he was ever ſaid to have a good *right hand*, but

Lib. 3.

but an ill *left hand*, becauſe he could plead againſt a man better than for him. Which procured him no leſſe hate, than his mercenary Eloquence purchaſed him gaine. But our Cures are many, and the day runnes on: we muſt now addreſſe our beſt endeavours for your recovery (quoth he to *Vperephanos:*) wherein I muſt tell you freely (nor would I have it to diſcourage you) that your Cure is of greateſt difficulty. Your very action, geſture, and diſcourſe puts me in minde of

Lib 3. of *Rhemnius Palæmon*, that arrogant Grammarian, or rather Grammatiſt; who vaine-glorioufly boaſted, that good Literature had firſt life by him, and ſhould after dye with him. Or like *Gorgias* the Orator, who ever advanced himſelfe to the higheſt place, and arrogated to himſelfe the deſervingſt praiſe. You have hit his humour rightly (anſwered *Themiſta*) heavens grant you may fit him with as proper a remedy: but in good ſadneſſe, Sir, how doe you finde him affected? Diſtra-

&ed,

&ted, you would ſay, Madam, (replied *Aeſculapius.*) The *Oetean Hercules* had never a more violent beating pulſe, after hee had put on that empoiſoned ſhirt of *Neſſus*. Obſerve the madding motion of his Eyes; how wildely hee lookes! In what a diſioynted Circuit his diſcourſe runs on! I can aſſure you, Madam, for all his ſilence, hee verily conceits at this inſtant, that the wiſedome of all politicke States is confined within the empty circumference of his braine. A dangerous head-

piece,

*Lib.*3.

piece, trust me! This I am sure of, were the government of the Vniverse left to the guidance of his Sconce, we should have a mad State. Yet I can tell you Sir, (said *Themista*) that since our unhappy absence from these parts, he was held the onely *Oracle* of our *Court*. Nothing was definitely decreed; no Censure pronounced; no judgement delivered; nor any publique Act promulgated; unlesse it were first by him approved: so universally was hee reputed This it is, and onely this (an-

(anſwered *Aeſculapius*) that hath maddened him. Had he beene oppoſed in his will, we had never beene put to this worke. So dangerous it is to ſooth or ſecond ſome humours, as it fares with theſe, as the Ape dealt with her darling: They kill them, while they coll them. Shady honours are their beauties; applauſe is their minion; nor doe they care ſo much for *deſert*, as *opinion*. This humour is long rankling before it come to burſt out: but this *Eryſipelas* or wilde fire being once kindled, the flame is not

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not so soon to be quenched.

All this time, sate *Vperephanos* upright in his Chaire, shewing a Supercilious kind of State: and expressing a kinde of humorous action or apish formality, in winks, noddes, and other strange gesticulation: which *Aesculapius* well observing, and drawing near him, ask't him how hee did?

Excellently well (quoth *Vperephanos*) for how is it possible I should doe otherwise? The greedy eyes of the vulgar are fixt upon me; The whole *Counsell-Chamber*

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Chamber relyes on me; The *publique State*, hath recommended the helme of her government unto mee. If I faile, ſhe fals; her grandeure lyes on my ſhoulder; in the wounding of whoſe honour I ſuffer equally. Goe to (quoth *Aeſculapius*) you know not what you ſuffer: you are madded with an over-weening opinion of your owne wiſedome. Aſſure your ſelfe, the State ſtands in no ſuch neede of you; ſhould you periſh, ſhe would flouriſh. Shee hath other ſhoulders to ſupport her; other

Lib. 3.

other Lights to direct her than your addle braine. Goe to Sir, would you have your selfe displayde in your owne native colour? I must doe it, and roundly too, or I shall never bring you to a discovery of your selfe. I will tell you then what I feare, though you feele no such occasion of feare in your selfe.

I finde as well by your *Crasis* as *Chrisis* (with the graduall courses of your *Paroxysmes*, *Symptomes*, and other concurring distempers) that you have beene bit by a *mad dogge*;

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dogge; ſo as you muſt 1. eate a piece of his *Liver* : which muſt bee ſtuffed with the leaves of the low ſhrub *Tapeinotes*. You are likewiſe for certaine dayes together to be 2. tyed Chinne-deepe in *Lazarello's poole;* where you are to bee kept to a low dyet. Neither can I finde any meanes better to cure your diſtemper, than to 3. remain there, till all thoſe *Bedlam* fooles laugh you out of your humour. Howſoever, you muſt bee patient, or your griefe will grow more violent, as it fell out with *Py-*

Lib. 3.

theas; whose heavy fate I leave to you *Harmonius*, to descant on in your wonted manner.

Argument.

Harmonius *chants out the misfortune of the Athenian* Pytheas; *who became so selfe-conceited, as hee was wont to lay his Eare to Cranies in walls and portells, to heare himselfe applauded: to weane him from this humour, hee was oft advised; but being deafe to counsell, and growing as in yeeres, so ever higher blowne with*

with the bladder of arrogancy, hee declined at laſt to a Frenſie.

POESY III.

HOw blinde is he, who labours to be knowne
To all mens imperfections but his owne?
How can he have an Eare to any cauſe,
That is engag't to popular applauſe?
This, Pytheas *found, who grew in time ſo ſtrong*
Through ſelfe-conceit in Eloquence of tongue,
As he ſuppos'd, each place that he came in,
There was no other talke but praiſing him.
To wals and portels would he lay his eare,
Through creeks, & cranies too, that he might hear
His much deſir'd applauſe, which having done
And heard his praiſe, he held his prize halfe-won.
Many diſſwad't him from this madding courſe,
But all in vaine, his humour ſtill grew worſe;
Deafe was his Eare to counſell, all his art
Was to gaine praile, *no matter for* deſert.
Ripe were his yeares and mellow, yet age-grown,
With arrogancy *was he bladder-blowne:*
So as, when neither reaſon could perſwade,

Nor he by wholesome counsell would be swaide,
But so admir'd his selfe-conceited worth,
As he had beene some Deity on Earth:
He, as I've heard some of his Nation tell,
Into a fearefull frensy, *after fell.*
Whence I conclude, "'tis better farre to want
" *Wit, and to know't, than to be arrogant.*

Argument

Aesculapius *prescribes* Meilixos *cordiall and comfortable things, to restore Nature so much decay'd in him. Hee gives him assured hope of his recovery, for that he findes him of so tractable a nature, so pliable a quality. Hee wils him to keepe home; till hee be perfectly restored to his health;*

And

And that those Epileptick*e passions, to which he is subiect, might endanger him, by comming abroad, or walking neare any steepe place, as it fell out with* Melotes, *which Story hee commends to* Harmonius.

PROSE IV.

MAdam (said *Aesculapius*, turning himself to *Themista*) this was a mad piece to make a Consul of; but there was never any *good wit* without some *egregious folly*. They

Lib. 3.

that would suffer themselves to be troubled at the sight of every *mad Statist*, would have some thing to thinke on. Wise men can never bee discovered, but by others folly. *Venus* never shewed more beauty, than when *Nais* sate by her, and shew'd her deformity.

All this is true (answered *Themista*) but nothing troubles us so much, as to see one, whose judgement should have ministred advice to others, so bleered and blemished in his own. Surely, had you knowne this

Vpe-

Lib. 3.

Vperephanos, when wee firſt knew him, you would have admir'd him for pregnancy of wit, ſolidity of judgement, and generality of worth. Nothing was ſpoke by him, but infinitely became him; ripe hee was of conceit, and rich in fancy.

And it was that (ſaid *Aeſculapius*) and nothing but that (as I ſaid before which brought him to this dangerous *Frenſy*. I muſt tell you, Madame, for mine ancient experience hath found it true: That perſon had need of a compoſed ſpirit, and to

Lib 3.

have a constant and staid wit, who preserves it untainted, when hee is hugged in the Court, honoured by the State, and humoured with applause. The axiome is, "it is rare to bee *great* and *good*, but no lesse authentique is this, rare it is to bee *popular* and *wise*. Many have beene thought fit to governe, before they came to governe; wise they were in mannaging, constant in pursuing, and prosperous in atchieving, but all this, while they were private men. The Bowle chang'd her Byas, when

As Sergius Galba.

Lib. 3.

when it came to runne on more ſteepe grounds.

Promotion is the *Touch-ſtone*, which tryes every mans metall. Theſe pregnant-piercing wits, have commonly dangerous diving conceits: which become ſubject to crackes or flawes, if they be either by competition oppoſed, or by arrogancy and applauſe too much tickled. I could inſtance you many eminent Perſonages here in *Arcady*, who became ſubject to this diſtemper, though during their time of privacy, moſt ſober.

Chi ha bianco Cavallo, & bella moglie
No viue mai ſanſa doglie.

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sober. The wise *Ithacus* had the hearbe *Moli* in store, for an antidote against such *Sirenes*.

But let this nothing amate you (Madame;) wee have so dispos'd of him, as we hope to leave him in far better temper, than wee found him.

He had no sooner spoken this, then *Meilixos* was presented to him, whom hee received with an affable entertaine; and drawing neare him, and gently stroaking his temples with his hand; Take heart of grace to you (quoth

(quoth hee to *Meilixos*) my life for yours; there is no ſuch violence of diſtemper, but I ſhall quickly allay the decreaſing heate of this humour. I could wiſh that my Patient, whom I had laſt in hand, were in no greater danger. Looke up man, bee not dejected; within few dayes I doubt not, but to ſet you on your feete. Milde and moderate hath beene your humour, and I ſhall fit you with Receits of like nature. Alas, good man, how hee trembles before ever ought be applyed unto him! Theſe

*Lib.*3. These be Symptomes of a weake and pusillanimous spirit. I am verily perswaded, one might work strange conclusions on such a subject: So easily were he to be deluded, if any one would bestow so much time, as to practise upon his *weakenesse*: Such strong impressions may conceit worke upon a feeble Subject.

It is not to bee doubted (answered *Themista*) but very many have been brought to their graves through conceit, before ever they came to be sicke: as might be instanced

ſtanced in that white-liver'd Emperour *Diocleſian*, one unworthy of ſo imperiall a title; with other perſons of inferiour quality. *Lib.3.* Diocleſiã Dalmata.

To confirme this (ſaid *Aeſculapius*) I have heard (Madam) of ſome rare concluſions tryed upon condemned perſons: who were hoodwinckt, with their armes laid bare for inciſion, as if they had beene to bee blooded to death. Luke warme water was applyed and ſprinckled upon their untoucht veines, by the ſuppoſed Chirurgion; a ſtrange kinde

Lib. 3.

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(quoth hee to *Meilixos*) my life for yours; there is no such violence of distemper, but I shall quickly allay the decreasing heate of this humour. I could wish that my Patient, whom I had last in hand, were in no greater danger. Looke up man, bee not dejected; within few dayes I doubt not, but to set you on your feete. Milde and moderate hath beene your humour, and I shall fit you with Receits of like nature. Alas, good man, how hee trembles before ever ought be applyed unto him! These

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kinde of whispering or muttering was used about him, as if the delinquent were even then expiring. Nothing left undone to delude him: Nor were their endeavours fruitlesse; for conceiving this to be true, as they surmized, with an easie credulity vanquished, meekely but simply hee expired. Or like that Cobler of *Mantua*, who was brought to bee sicke by perswasion, when there was no distemper nor weaknesse at all in his constitution.

As they were thus discoursing, *Meilixos* (whether through

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through conceit of his owne distemper, or long fasting, I know not) became sensibly fainting; which, *Aesculapius* quickly perceiving, runne to him: and ministring to him out of an Amethist boxe, which hee held in his hand, two or three small pellets of soveraigne vertue to breake winde, and give way to respiration, used these words unto him.

What's the matter, *Meilixos*; will you dye in despight of Physicke? you should wrong Nature much, to enfeeble that by conceit, which shee

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shee hath so well strengthened and fortifide for your content. Will you dye, because you are not sicke? Or, will you bee sicke, because a groundlesse feare tels you, you are not well? Fye Sir, reflect upon your selfe, and tender your owne estate! Children can play, till their heads ake; and will you lye downe and dye, and feele nothing? But admit you were subject to some exuberant humours, or dangerous distempers (as all humane respiration passing through such earthen pipes, cannot but

but by their rubbiſh receive ſometimes obſtruction, or ſome mouldy, & earthly infection) theſe being ſeaſonably diſcloſed, may bee no leſſe ſpeedily prevented, than perfectly cured; eſpecially, to ſuch eaſie Cures as yours, which are not grown indurate nor habituate, and conſequently with more facility ſalved. Give good attention then to my directions, and hold your ſelfe for ſafe, if you obſerve them. *Lib.* 3.

My purpoſe is (*Meilixos*) to preſcribe you *cordiall* and *comfortable* things; to reſtore

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Nature, rather *weakned* than *decayed* in you. I perceive your ſight likewiſe, by too much depreſſion of the Opricke part, to bee much darkened, ſo as I muſt waſh your eyes with *Eye bright* water, to 1. recover your ſight. Bleeding you are ſubject to, which I muſt ſtench. 2. Annointed muſt your ſinewes be with *Nerve oyle*, to 3. ſupple and ſtrengthen them; and all this, to bring you to a better feeling of your ſelfe. I am likewiſe, to apply certaine *fomentations* to your temples, and other affected pla-

places, to 4. keepe you from cold faint ſweats and ſwounnings, to which I finde you naturally ſubject. Nor (to your cõfort) am I any way doubtfull of your recovery, for that I finde a tractableneſſe in you, to follow my directions. Yet withall Sir, obſerve this Caveat, (for declining from it may highly endanger you;) keep home, for theſe *Epileptick* paſſions, to which you are ſubject, might engage you to manifeſt perils by comming a broad, or walking neare any ſteepe place, as it fell out

Lib. 3.

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with *Melotes*; the discovery of which Story I commend to *Harmonius*.

Argument.

Harmonius *rehearseth, how* Melotes *one of Consul order, of a weake constitution, weaker apprehension, but weakest in dispatch, became much subject to swounings, and in the end by a weakning or failing of the vitall spirits, to* Epileptick *passions. He was inioyned by his Physitian, to keepe himselfe close for a season, for the ayre*

was

was too ſubtile, and piercing for his weake conſtitution: but eſpecially, to avoide walking alone neare any ſteepe or precipitious place: but hee, either forgetting, or neglecting this direction, being one day walking on an high Mount in his Garden, untimely periſhed.

POESY IV.

HE that can inſtructions give,
And will no directions take,
Hee's not worthy for to live,
Nor himſelfe a Cenſor make.
Such an one Melotes *was,*
To a Conſul order rais'd,
Who for weakneſſe *did ſurpaſſe,*
And for nothing truely prais'd.
Of a conſtitution weake,
Apprehenſion weaker too;

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Nothing could he undertake
But dispatch did weakenesse show.
Subiect was he oft to Swonnes,
Till his vitall spirits fail'd,
And Epileptick passions
Him incessantly assail'd.
His Physitians, artists rare,
Did injoyne him to keepe close
For a season out o'th ayre,
And a private Stove to chose:
Subtile-piercing (would they say)
Is the ayre, and it will make
Strange impressions many way
On a constitution weake.
But you'r specially to shunne,
We advise in any case,
To walke private or alone
Neare a precipitious place.
But howsere he was directed,
By these rules of art to doe,
He forgot or else neglected,
Which procur'd Melotes woe.
For hee walking on a day,
(As I've heard it oftimes said)
On a Mount ranke-set with Bay,
He untimely perished.

For

For deprived of all ſenſe,
While th' vertigo tooke his braine,
He fell headlong downe from thence,
And did ne're revive againe.
Well deſerves that man, like fate,
Who knowes to prevent all ill,
In a ſteepe and ſlippery ſtate,
Leaves advice & loves ſelfe-will.
"Such one may conceit him ſtrong,
"But his ſafety holds not long.

Argument.

Aeſculapius *cauſeth* Vpotomos *to be bound: Hee tels him, bee muſt uſe the art of* Chirurgery *as well as* Phyſicke, *in the diſpatch of his Cure: He wils him by al means to avoid the company of* Eris,

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whose familiarity had so infected him; And the renewall of whose acquaintance, would bring him to a relapse, and make his disease desperate: This he confirms with the Story of Aeacus, *the relation whereof he leaves to* Harmonius.

PROSE V.

YOu see, Madame, (said *Aesculapius* to *Themista*) what dangers hence occurre, by meanes of a remisse Patient. Who, albeit, hee holds nothing

nothing more pretious than health, and ſeemingly neglects all outward reſpects for purchaſing of it: yet are directions of health no ſooner given, than forgot, no ſooner preſcribed, than neglected. So apt is man to forget what moſt imports him, and entertaine that with delight, which fruitleſly delights him; and in the end deſtroyes him.

It is true (ſaid *Themiſta*) preſent delights ſo captivate the *Senſe*, as it will ſeldome or never ſuffer us to converſe with Reaſon. We love nothing

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nothing better than life, yet by living ill wee prevent all meanes of living long.

Nature dictates this unto us (answered *Aesculapius*) that wee should tender nothing more than health, nor value any directions like those which tend to the conservation of it; yea, the Poet himselfe could sing:

Nor house, nor ground, nor any store of wealth,
Can relish his distaste, that h'as no health.

What a miserable thing is a rich sicke man? His gold (which hee made his god) can-

cannot allay his diſtemper, nor afford him one minutes eaſe for all his treaſure. Yet ſee deluded ſoules! How they prize the end, and ſlight the meanes! How Selfe-will expoſeth them to millions of extreames! Live they would; and to lengthen their hopes of living, they expreſſe their bounty to their Phyſician, by endowing him with an ample penſion; his Receits, ſo long as they reliſh their ſickly appetite, they receive: but ſtricter Directions they utterly reject, at leaſt, intermit, becauſe they comply not with their hu-

*Lib.*3.

humours. Much like that foole of *Millain*, who preferred a sugar pil before his life.

These may be truely said (answered *Themista*) to have their whole *understanding* placed in their *Sense*. They preferre what may please, before what may ease; their will before their weale.

And such is the desperate state of your distempered *Statists* (said *Aesculapius*.) Infinitely credulous (besides all this) they are apt to bee deluded, by whatsoever shal be (though never so improbable) to their blinded affe-

&tions

*Lib.*3.

&tions ſuggeſted. So as they may wel ſeem to be ranked, and endenized amongſt that credulous Plebeian Society of *Margant*; who were made to beleeve, upon the ruines of a ſumptuous and magnificent Abbey-ſpire, that the State intended their Spire (though many miles diſtant) ſhould ſupply it: to divert which intendment, in all humble and petitionary manner, with joynt conſent, according to their weak conceit, they beſeeched the State (with ample gratuities to ſome interceding favorites

Lib. 3.

rites for their better succesſe) to commiſerate their caſe, and ſpare their Spire. To which the State, pretending them all favour, after much laughter, pleaſantly condeſcended.

Is it poſſible (ſaid *Themiſta*) that any rationall Society ſhould be ſo deluded? Very eaſily (anſwered *Aeſculapius*) as I could inſtance with many moderne examples: but (Madame) I muſt crave your patience a little; for I have now to deale with a violent Patient: One, whoſe imperious, diſpoſition hath at

at all times made his *will* his *law*.

Which *Aesculapius* had no sooner spoke, than hee forthwith caused *Vpotomos* to be call'd forth: full of fire and fury were his eyes; fierce and revengefull were his threats; bloudy and truculent were his hands; rigid and relentlesse was his heart; full of passionate distemper were his answers. VVhich *Aesculapius* well observing, willed *Vpotomos* to be bound; for till such time as he were fast tyed, hee could neither practise upon him, nor the Pati-

Lib. 3.

Patient suffer such experiments, as were to be practised on him. All which being done, according to his command, and taking him by his strong-beating pulse, hee used these words unto him.

Sir, I must freely tell you, that such is the nature of your distemper, that I must use the art of *Chirurgery* as well as *Physicke*, in the performing of this Cure. For you must be 1. opened, and a *Worme* taken out of your *gall*; the maine cause of your distemper. I am likewise to prepare Cupping-glasses to

Lib. 3.

to 2. coole and temper your braine. Then, make a drink well-mixt with the juyce of *Metriot* and *Euchraſia*, to 3. remove your *Pluritical* ſtitches. Which done, I am to apply *Oppian* plaiſters, with a certaine quantity of the juyce of *Sunneideſis* infuſed, to 4. repell thoſe feareſull dreames which ſo ſtartle and diſtract you.

But what availeth it to miniſter theſe *Receits*, if you doe not obſerve them? or to bring you to your feete, if you, through neglect of what is here preſcribed you,

O make

Lib. 3.

make way to recidivation, and conſequently to your owne undoing? Though Phyſicians have the body in cure, if the Patient ſecond not their Cure with his care, the Cure is loſt, and all thoſe Receits they ſo artfully preſcrib'd, reduc'd to nothing. It is one of our Maximes; *Art* is long in purchaſing; *Life* ſhort in continuing; and *Experience* ſubject to deceiving. But *Art* is never more loſt, than when beſtow'd on a careleſſe Patient; nor *Life* more ſhort, than with a Recreant; nor *Experience* more de-

deceiving, than when exercis'd on him, who admits no government. For, to uſe the proverbe of that ignorant man, *had you as many lives as Plutarch* all would be quickly loſt, where direćtions are not obſerv'd. How many have we knowne fall backe irrecoverably ill, becauſe they preſumed they were well: ſaving their Phyſitian a labour, by their too ſpeedy payment of their debt to Nature! The onely meanes to preſerve health recovered, is to avoid all occaſiõs of incurring a relapſe. *Lib.* 3.

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Lib. 3.

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Lib. 3.

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*Lib.*3. Occasiones hominem fragilem non faciunt, sed qualis sit, ostendunt. *Kemp.*

I remember, there were two Philosophers of severall opinions in this kinde: the one irrefragably, though paradoxally, held, and set his rest upon't, That hee, who would shunne occasion, was lesse than a man: concluding, that he, who could not see Beauty without tempting, nor Honour without aspiring, nor Gold without coveting, came farre short of a Reasonable man; because *Sense* was his *guide*, and the acquisition thereof his *goale*. Therefore would he expose himselfe to the liberty of all oc-

occaſions, that he might better ſoveraignize over *Senſe* by the government of *Reaſon*. *Lib.* 3.

But the other was of a farre more cautelous nature, and (perhaps) of as reſiſting a temper: for hee would not preſume too much upó his own ſtrength, nor grapple with tentation in her height, but wiſely ſtanding on his own guard, prevent the meanes of being tempted, leſt temptation might chance to give him the foile in the end. Playing too long with the Candle,

Lib. 3.

ever ends with a cinged wing. All this I meane to cloze up in one word, by way of application to your owne particular.

Vpon your recovery (as I cannot promiſe it, leſt you become too ſecure in the purchaſe of it, yet ſhall my beſt art labour it) I could wiſh you by all meanes to avoid the company of *Eris*, whoſe familiarity hath ſo infected you. For I muſt tell you, ſuch acquaintance upon renewall, will bring you to a relapſe, and make your diſeaſe deſperately mortall.

Which

Which might be confirmed by the Story of *Aeacus*, the relation whereof I leave to *Harmonius*. *Lib 3.*

Argument.

Harmonius *shewes, how* Aeacus *sonne to* Iupiter *and* Europa, *not onely for his own naturall severity, but through his ancient acquaintance and neare familiarity with* Eris, *was made one of the three Iudges in hell.*

POESY V.

STerne Æacus, Ioves *and* Europa's *sonne*,
Who once as Iudge sat on an earthly throne,
In all his acts of justice did appeare
So peremptory-rigid *and severe,*
As all that he pronounc'd to th' worlds wonder,
Resolv'd it self to nought but threats & thunder.
One comes b'fore him, and he was his brother,
Who had but stollne a judgement 'gainst another,
And he was hang'd for't; and th' Atturney too,
For stealing judgement 'fore th' Defendant knew.
Cellus *a theevish Poet brought to barre,*
And was arraign'd as other Felons are,
Sans baile, *without least hope of his reprive,*
For stealing Suckets from an others hive.
Cacus *an arrand Thiefe, was judg'd to dye,*
Which judgement suited well with equity;
Where Æacus *then sitting on the Bench*
Vttred these words, recorded ever since.
"*Sirrah, to you I speake, ere I have done,*
"*I'le cause all falshood to that period come,* (keep,
"*That th' Grazer shall not need his Heards to*
"*A very bush shall serve to shield his sheepe.*
Yet for all this, Cacus *that theevish knave*

Broake

Broake out of Iayle, and hid him in his Cave,
To which darke recluſe there repair'd ſuch ſtore,
As there increa'ſt more Thieves, then e're before.
Ixions *wheele, and* Siſyphus *his ſtone,*
Prometheus *Eagle, were the proper doome*
Of this rough Iudge; with Tantalus *his thirſt,*
Who might not drink, although his gall ſhould burſt:
For his degree of puniſhment was ſuch,
He might not taſte that which his lips did touch.
Nor was he onely thus by nature cruell,
For he a Conſort had, who plide freſh fuell
To his enraged Splene; Eris *was ſhe,*
One, who was full as furious as he:
And in her Houſe he lodg'd, and her he lov'd,
Nor would doe ought, unleſſe by her approv'd.
Till tax'd in th end for to this end it came)
Of being naught with that curſt Curtezan,
As much familiarity did ſhow,
(Though I'le not ſay if this be true or no)
He was depriv'd of honour and of favour,
And made one of Hels Iudges for his labour.
Thus 'cauſe he bore himſelfe on earth ſo well,
He became reft of Earth, and thruſt to Hell:
That as he had expreſt his rigour here,
He might continue th' practiſe of it there.
Much good may't do him! but for all his raign,
He might be mov'd, I thinke, to come againe.

Argu-

Argument.

Aesculapius *wils* Amerimnos *to rouse himselfe up. Hee compares him to the* Ostridge, *both for stomacke and action. Hee prescribes him a dyet. He paralels him to* Messala Corvinus, *and* Margites; *the report of whose State he recommends to* Harmonius.

Prose

PROSE VI.

NO doubt of that, anſwered *Aeſculapius*, in reply to the laſt Stanza of *Harmonius*: but he is now in for all the weeke. Theſe be the fruits of all ſevere *Mammothrepts*, who reliſh nothing but *iuſtice, iuſtice*; but never ſupples it with oyle of mercy. Now, if I ſhould be iudge, all theſe fiery incendiaries or Lawrackers ſhould bee all made *Readers* of the *Anatomy Lecture* in *Pluto's* Court. There

Lib. 3.

might they finde ſubjects fit to worke on, and to exerciſe their relentleſſe ſpirits withall. There might the Stage-ſcourger laſh poore *Roſcius* till he ſmoak't again, and hee himſelfe choak't againe with the ſteame of ſulphurous powder, to gratifie him for his thankleſſe labour. There might hee ſpend his ſpirits in the ſurvey and diſplay of others miſeries.

Here, a *ſlye Symoniſt* poring through a window, impained with flaming Lights, and ſeering his noſe with drops

drops of ſcalding Cement. There, an *ambitious fire-flye*, catching at an empty clowd, which reſolving it ſelfe into a flaſhing vapour, fals down, and cingeth his braving Mouchato's for his labour. Here, a *friſking fleſh-flye*, leaping at a painted Legge of Mutton, and falling backe, drencheth himſelfe over head and eares in a *Cornelian tubbe*, where he leaves all his hayre. There, a *prodigall Land-gull* playing at Ducke and Drake in *Acheron* with his imaginarie pieces; till his fathers Ghoſt haunt him, and

Lib. 3.

and the Furies finde him, and so ends his pastime. Heere, an *hydropicke Earthmoale*, who being made Tankard-bearer to that forlorn family, is put to an endlesse taske, by filling *Danaus tubs* with water, wherein he consumes his endlesse-dying life to a fruitlesse labour. There, a light liquorish luscious *Landresse*, who set a bucking *Pluto's* and *Proserpina's* linnen, and found-faulty with one of the Scullery, is injoyned this Pennance, by a judiciall sentence; to be publiquely whipt with knotted

ted rods of glowing ſteele in *Phaëtons* Cart, till ſhe entred ſuerties to furniſh with freſh and cleane Napery, all the infernall Court. *Lib.* 3.

Surely (ſaid *Themiſta*) you have made ſuch a free diſcovery of *Pluto's* family, and thoſe proper penalties which are inflicted on the whole Livery, as they ſhall need no better ſurvey for their ſociety: yea, wee ſhould verily thinke, but that we are better conceited of your temper, that you have now and then a moneths minde to play the *Satyre*: not that it com-

Lib. 3.

complyes with your nature, but purposely to allay more serious studies with the pregnancy of so piercing an humour.

No surely (answered *Aesculapius*) I could never much affect that Study: It was my desire rather (Madame) to intimate unto your *Grace*, the remorseleſſe natures of such, as my last Patient was: who ever mixed *wormewood* with *Justice*; racking up your Lawes to the highest pinne: and in a word, preferring *Execution* before *Iudgement*. These I hold fittest for those places,

Lib. 3.

Places, where there inhabits none but notorious Delinquents, and exquiſite puniſhments. Nor doe I miſſe their humour farre: for one of this Rank, as I remember, ſtickt not publikely to profeſſe, and confirme it too with a ſolemne proteſt, "That it was his *Iubile* to "hang many: & that a great Execution, was his Recreation.

It was great pitty (ſaid *Themiſta*) but he ſhould make one of the number, ſeeing an action of that nature, afforded him ſuch infinite pleaſure.

Lib. 3.

It is observed by our Physitians (answered *Aesculapius*) that none die of an ague, nor without an ague. But sure I am, that these fiery and furious Spirits are ever possest of an *hot fever*: and such an one, as partakes no intermissions. So as, in my opinion, these may be in some respect resembled to *Aristides*, (though one more temperately just, and judiciously temperate) who dying of the bite of a *Weasell*, exceedingly lamented it was not a *Lyon*.

As their ambitious spirits are

Lib. 3.

are unbounded, and with fury ever diſtempered; they can indure nothing worſe than a contemptible affront, nor receive ought better than a foile from an imperious foe. With what a braving domineering command, have I obſerved ſome of theſe beare themſelves, amongſt their Inferiours! How prompt were theſe to command; and how ready thoſe to obey? So highly had their *purple* tranſported them, as they aſſumed more than could become them. Whereas, no ſooner had they put off their

*Lib.*3.

Lyons case, and adjourn'd the Court, then they would daigne to embrace those, whom before they contemned; & communicate themselves to such, as before they sleighted. Especially, where either private ends, or some other particular respects wrought upon the coppy of their countenance. But admit, these were to their inferiours never so soveraignizing, they knew well when to bee supple, and how to veile to the *shadow* of *Greatnesse*. No surly looke, nor clowdy aspect; no bended brow,

brow, nor contracted front, were then to be ſeene. Low Congies, humble Salutes, Earth-touching ducks, gave theſe powerfull *Magnifico's* all promiſing entertaine.

Now, what poore *Protean Patriots* are theſe! Meere ſlaves to the time, and ſtaines to the face of *Iuſtice*. How eaſie were theſe to bee wrought to any impreſſion! And theſe Vlcers muſt bee launced, or the whole Body muſt bee neceſſarily diſtempered.

It is moſt true (ſaid *Themiſta!*) and hence are our tears!

Lib. 3.

For, when a precious or gorgeous *Case* alters the equity of the *Cause*, what a case are we in? These were not the directions which we gave them, when wee last left them. Nor were these, those *Conscript fathers* wee left sitting, when wee tooke leave of Earth, to mount to Heaven. For what a sweet union of mindes; what fixt resolves for advancing *Iustice*; what a discreet temper in the whole current of all their actions, appear'd then amongst them? No powerfull adversarie could over-

Lib. 3.

over-beare our Sage and impartiall Senate. Blinde was ſhee in reſpect of perſon; lame in reſpect of Bribes. Conſtant was ſhe in executing what was right; reſolute in ſuppreſſing what was unjuſt. Choice was that harmony, where neither *affection* could draw, nor *power* over-awe, nor any ſiniſter reſpect deprave.

Would your *Grace* (anſwered *Aeſculapius*) have your IVSTIARIES *blinde* and *lame*? you need not wiſh it, Madame, for you ſhall finde variety of defects a-

Lib. 3.

mong them. For ſome of theſe grave Senatours, your *Grace* ſhall perceive to be ſo *blind*, as they can hardly find the right way to the Bench, during all your Seſſions. Others ſo *lame*, as they will vouchſafe to goe hand in hand with their Conſtables, and both goe downe of one ſide, and halt in their office.

You make your ſelf pleaſant (ſaid *Themiſta*) with our Cripples: but all this applies no ſalve to our ſoare; no Cure to our Care.

But in convenient time, doubt it not, Madam (anſwered

red *Aeſculapius*) but my art ſhall produce ſome ſoveraigne effect: I have hitherto gone through all your diſtépred *Statiſts*, One onely excepted; to whom, as I have done to the reſt, I ſhall apply ſuch Receits, with ſuch uſefull directions for preſerving health, as the Cure may every way anſwer your Expectance, and reſtore them to their former temper, to your honour, and the advancement of Iuſtice. *Lib.*

Which *Aeſculapius* had no ſooner ſpoken, than he bids *Amerimnos* (the laſt, though not

Lib. 3.

not least of all this distemperd Tribe) to rowse himself up for shame. And the sooner to awake that drowsie & remisse spirit of his, wherewith he was so much depressed, as nothing sounded well in his eare, that might put his body to any toile; hee caused one to play upon a *Iew Trumpe*, and to apply the instrument close to his eare, purposely to keepe him awake: which done, hee used these words unto him.

Sir, I must tell you, I can cõpare you to no one thing more fitly, than to the *Ostridge*,

Lib. 3.

ſtridge, both for ſtomack and action. For the *Oſtridge* can *digeſt* ought, yet neither fatter nor fuller: and for *action*, though he ſeeme to have the wings of an *Eagle*, yet hee never flyes up. This is juſt your condition, whoſe long habituate ſloth hath made you the very Embleme of a *Snayle*, who leaves no other print nor impreſſion of pace nor place, but a little ſlime. But to prevent all growing occaſions of a further malady, & apply a ſeaſonable Cure to your ſtupid and inſenſible infirmity, I

must

Lib. 3.

must prescribe you this diet. Your broath every morning before you goe to Hall, must be made of *Spinage*, *Day-nettles*, and *Burdocks*, to 1. sharpen your intellect. And to 2. keepe you after noone awaking, I will prepare for you an *Antiopian* plaister, with an *Epimeleian* julip, to lay warm unto your temples. I must enjoyne you at all hands to 3. abstaine from all strong drinks; and never to drinke betwixt meales, but with your *teeth shut*. I meane to provide you a Night-cap strongly chafed with the perfume

fume of *Cornu-copia*; purpoſely to 4. make your ſleeps ſhorter, and your conceit ſharper. And becauſe *I* finde by your Vrine, and other ſoporiferous ſymptomes, that your kidneys are over-larded with oyle of *Dormiſe*, I meane by ſweatings and ſuffumigations to 5. extract all thoſe viſcid & oily humors; for theſe, by ariſing from the ſtomack, and fuming up into the braine, cauſed *Meſſala Corvinus*, by acquainting himſelfe with *Amneſtes*, to forget his owne name; And *Margites*, through a careleſſe ſecurity,

Lib 3.

Lib. 3.

ſecurity, to fall by degrees into a cureleſſe *Lethargy*. The report of whoſe ſtate, I recommend to *Harmonius* ſtraine.

Argument.

Harmonius, *after he hath touch'd a little upon* Corvinus *his want of memory, with the ſuppoſed occaſion of his infirmity, diſplayes the retchleſſe condition of* Margites; *whoſe diſcourſe was fruitleſſe, life uſeleſſe, end ruthleſſe. Hee ſlept till he eate, and eate till hee ſlept; till ſuch time, as falling aſleepe*

asleep with meat in his mouth, hee was choak't. Lib.

POESY VI.

COrvinus was a Roman borne,
And to the Conſul order ſworne,
One of ſuch fame, as onely hee
Had then the art of memorie.
Each Signe from th' mount Capitoline
Vnto the mountaine Exquiline,
Hee could their names diſtinctly tell,
With what occurrents as befell;
No Table-booke he us'd at all,
His Braine was his Memoriall:
So as to ſtyle him, ſome did pleaſe,
The Ages Ephemerides.
But note th' Cataſtrophe of this,
All's fraile whatſ ever humane is:
Walking alone upon a time
Neare to the Mountaine Aventine,
Where Choughs and Fuskites build their neſt,
Hee there repos'd to take his reſt;
One of theſe Birds at this ſame time
Gath'ring leaves, ſticks, ſtones, moſſe and lime

Lib. 3.

With other like materials,
To build her neſt; a ſtone let fals
From her injurious hapleſſe claw,
Which gave Corvinus *ſuch a blow,*
As one day when the Cenſor came,
With others to enroll his name,
Corvinus *had his name forgot,*
And did confeſſe he knew it not.
But ſome ſay, his infirmity
Came by Amneſtes *company,*
With whom he was acquainted long;
" *But I muſt not* forget *my Song.*
More retchleſſe was Margites *ſtate,*
His came by ſloth, but this by fate:
His forenoon queſtions were theſe two;
1. *Firſt,* whar's a clock, I faine would know.
2. *Next,* what proviſion? I would dine.
Then would he ſleep till ſupper time.
So as, that character of his,
In my opinion, might be this:
" *A fruitleſſe tongue, an uſeleſſe life,*
" *A ruthleſſe end, a teareleſſe wife.*
Cambletes *that looſe* Lydian *King,*
Who ſpent his time in ryoting,

Was

Was ſober, if compar'd to him,
A very ſlave unto his skinne;
Cambletes, *hee, of whom 'tis ſ'ed*
That lying with his wife in bed,
He in a dreame devour'd his Bride,
While ſhe poor ſoule, ſlept by his ſide;
But waking from his ravenous ſloth,
Finding his wives hand in his mouth,
And nought of all but that left on her,
Hee ſlew himſelfe to ſhun diſhonour.
But This was worſer farre than hee,
Devouring wife and familie;
So as two ſuch would cauſe a dearth,
To glut thẽſelves, & ſtarve the earth.
Erichthous *bowels they were vaſt,*
Yet were they far by Him ſurpaſt;
His would be fil'd, theſe could be neuer;
From ſuch a Gulph the State deliver.
But ſee! hee who no meaſure kept,
But ſleeping ate, and eating ſlept,
At unawares was napping t'ane,
And ſtifled to the worlds gaine:
" For eating-ſleeping (this is troth)
" He was found choak't with meat in's mouth.
Far'd Lollards in each Country ſo,
I wote well how the world would go.

Argument.

Themista *returns* Aesculapius *thankes for his care, with a confident expectance of his cure: to whose diligence and successe she vowes (as she is iust) an ample recompence: Shee exhorts them to have patience in their Cure: Meane time, shee resolves, with her owne presence, to discharge the place of Iustice, till their recovery shall better enable them for that service.*

Prose

PROSE VII.

REndring of thankes is but a naked tribute (ſaid *Themiſta*) for ſo ample and extended a curtſie, as you have offered us; for your knowne Experience hath laid on us ſo confident an Expectance, that nothing leſſe than a faire and promiſing Cure may be expected from one of ſuch exquiſite art, ſeconded with ſuch conſtant care. Yet ſhall not thanks be all; we have a minde as ready to requite, as

*Lib.*3. to receive: So that we vow, as we are juſt, (for ſo our *title* and *actions* ſhall ever render us) to returne an ample recompence to your ſucceſſive diligence. Arts deſerve their rewards: for elſe ſhould their edge be rebaited, and their ſpirits amated, who doe profeſſe them.

Madame (anſwered *Aeſculapius*) I am neither ſo weake in fortunes, nor ſervile in my thoughts, nor remiſſe in my deſire of doing good, as to make reward my Object: for my part, I never yet reared a Stage to vaunt my

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my ſelfe, or vent my ſtuffe. Doing good ſhall bee ever my goale; and the health of my Patient, my gaine. Neither is that fame deſervingly purchaſed, which is got by meere Oſtentation, or deſire of popular praiſe; Nor that gaine well grounded, nor that art well employed, which expoſeth it ſelfe to a price.

O that we had many Profeſſants of your art and of your minde (ſaid *Themiſta* to *Aeſculapius!*) Then ſhould not mercenary Artiſts ſo delude the State, nor aſperſe

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upon the Republike ſo foule a ſtain. Where Experiments generally take life from the death of their Patients.

But wee muſt withdraw our ſelfe, and addreſſe our diſcourſe to theſe our diſtempred *Statiſts*; whoſe preſent infirmity, as it requires your helpe, ſo it reſts that wee uſe our exhortation to move them to patience in their Cure, with hope of recovery by ſubmitting themſelves to your Care.

Wherewith, ſhee preſently cauſed her ſicke-languiſhing *Conſuls* to be brought forth; and

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and being diſpoſed in ſeverall Couches, according to their degrees, imparted her ſelfe unto them in this ſort.

Servants, and you our ſometimes *Deputed Aſſiſtants* in the Execution of *Iuſtice*: Even of that *Juſtice*, which is the Summarie & abſolute beauty of all Cardinall vertues. But alas! how much have you detracted from the glory of ſo divine a Soveraigne? How farre have you runne aſtray? yea, how foulely have you abuſed our *Commiſſion*? When the wronged Widow with teare ſwolne

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eyes cride for reliefe; you either slept and could not heare; or were Corrupt and would not heare; or senselesse of an higher judgment, and did not feare; what your misguided course had given you just occasion to feare.

But see the fruits of your labour! Observe what you suffer! A fearefull distemper for your precipitate Error! Now are you falne into the hand of the Physitian, by making so cōtinued a league with your transgression: But farre be it from us to insult upon distresse, or enliven your

your griefes with freſh repetition of your crimes. As we have hitherto intended our beſt Care for your Cure, ſo it reſts that wee exhort you to ſuffer with patience the hand of ſo experienc't an Artiſt, that he may the better perfect his Cure.

The reſigned will of a Morigerous Patient makes that Cure eaſie, which to a perverſe Patient would become deſperate. Your Phyſician, whoſe diſperſed fame hath made him admir'd, where he was never knowne, gives us good hope

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hope of your recovery; albeit your distempers are of severall quality; which implyes, that some of your Cures will be more easie, others of more difficuly. Now as our Exhortation tends to this purpose, to move you to patience, so our desire shall be that upon your recovery, you redeeme your lost time with redoubled diligence. For should you become remisse in your Care, upon the perfecting of your Cure, it had beene much better that you had continued still in your distemper, than to

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to recover health to your more dishonour. *Plutarch* reports, that *Antigonus* had in his Armie a valiant Souldier, but of a sickly body. *Antigonus* observing his valour, and grieving that so stout a resolution should bee seconded by so weake a constitution, procured his Physicians to take him in hand; and he was healed. Now, being sound, he began to fight in some feare, to keepe himselfe a good distance from danger, no more venturing into the Vanne or forlorne place of the battell. *Antigonus* noting

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noting and wondring at this alteration, asked him the cause of this new cowardize. Hee answers, "O *Antigo-*
"*nus*, thou art the cause. Be-
"fore, I ventured nothing
"but a diseased corps, and
"then I choose rather to dye
"quickly, than to live sick-
"ly: I invited death to doe
"me a kindnesse: Now it is
"otherwise with mee, for I
"have somewhat to loose.
Be not you, like this recre-
ant Souldier; upon recovery
of your health: improve it to
the publique wealth. You
have lost much time; bewaile
that

that loſſe with numerous teares; the moſt pretious and propitious tribute for miſſpent houres. Feede not on a diſeaſed State; neither reare your foundation on others ruines. It hath beene the condition of many of your Profeſſion (with griefe wee ſpeake it) ſo they fatned themſelves, they car'd little how leane their ſtarv'd Clients were. Which moov'd that Country Boor, far more wittily, than could bee well expected from one of his breeding, to anſwer one of your ranke, yet of far more in-

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integrity, in this manner. It hapned that this Boore driving a Teame of Horſes upon the high way, was encountred by a pregnant Practitioner in your Profeſſion: who obſerving his foremoſt Horſe fatte and faire, and bravely Capariſon'd, with a garland in his topping, the more to beautifie him; demanded of this conceited Boore, why his fore-horſe was ſo gaily deckt, and ſo fatte, and thoſe that came behinde, ſo poore and leane? "O Sir, (anſwe-"red the Boore!) my fore-horſe

"horſe is a Lawyer, & theſe "leane jades that follow him, his Clients.

But ſuch difference of feeding brings a flouriſhing State to ruine. Bee it your care to negle& no meanes for recovery of your enfeebled health; nor to omit no time, wherin you may benefit the State by your health.

Meane time, it ſhall be our reſolutiō, with our own preſence to diſcharge the place of *Iuſtice*, till your recovery ſhall better enable you for that ſervice. So every one of you to his Couch, we to our Iudiciall

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Iudiciall Seate: where wee must first play *Alcides* part, by purging that *Augean* Stable of the State. Prune the luxurious Vine, that it may thrive the better, and vendicate *Arcadia's* late blemished honour.

The

THE CONSVLS CHARGE.

The fourth Booke.

Argument.

Harmonius *brings tidings to* Themiſta *of her* Conſuls *recovery ; the ſundry ſymptomes and effects of every malady ; the rare experiments uſed by* Æſculapius *in the cure of their infirmity ; cloſing with a triumphant Pæan in the honour of his memory.*

POESY I.

HEalth to Themista, *solace and content!*
To whom I am by Æsculapius *sent,*
In humble manner briefly to relate
Her late distemper'd Consuls *good estate.*
A timely salve's applied to their wound,
Their braines recover'd, and their senses sound;
What they admir'd before, they now despise,
In each point grave, judicious and wise.
They solely prize what gaines them just esteeme,
All else they hold a meere deluding dreame.
O heav'ns to see, what I might oft-times see,
What strange effects sprung from each maladye!
What various symptomes from one Patient!
Now was he jocund, streight-way discontent.
Now fierce as any Lion, *strait would hee*
Become as tame as any Lambe *could bee.*
With what an appetite Metoxos *would*
Gape, if he chanc'd to see a peece of gold?
And as't had sympathized with his nature,
He ne're could eye it but his teeth would water.
His hand stretcht out he used still to have,
Ne're shut but open, hopefull to receive.

Short

Short was his breath, his Lungs decaid and waſted,
Swolne was his necke, his corrupt breath diſtaſted.
A Migrim *ſeiz'd his braine, no cure was found,*
Where e're he went, the world turned round.
Yet though this Chrone *could neither ſleepe nor feed,*
He had a wanton Colts-tooth in his head:
And where ſome youths with one contented bee,
This uſeleſſe Trunke was ſtill in fee with three.
**Three famous Curtezans, where he reſorted,*
And more than age could promiſe, nimbly ſported.
Yet loe! what divine art can bring to paſſe!
You would not know him for the man he was.
Such choice receits my famous Maſter us'd,
As now he is unto himſelfe reduc'd.
His wandring eye is fixt, his fancie cleare,
No roving paſſions in his minde appeare:
Yea, his compoſed temper it is ſuch,
Nought can be ſpoke in's praiſe, may ſeeme too much.
But now it may be you deſire to heare
The manner of his cure! Lend but your eare,
And Ile acquaint your Grace; *though men of art*
Be oft-times loth ſuch ſecrets to impart:
But Æſculapius *is not ſuch an one,*
What he profeſſeth, he would have it knowne.
To weane this Conſul *from deſire of gold,*
He firſt contriv'd a curious antique mold,

* Philia. Duſnoia. Aneleuteria.

Wherein was personate a man of note,
With golden Laddles *haling downe his throat;*
Which sight so terrifi'd this Peere of State,
As the meere object bred in gold an hate.
Next, artfull pills *of gold, which gave delight*
Farre lesse unto the palate than the sight:
For though the golden colour made him taste it,
The bitter paste within did make him cast it:
So as within short time, he could behold
Nothing lesse pleasing to his eyes than gold.
Can we then too much glory attribute
To HIM, *who having heard your* Graces *sute,*
Emploid his art, (an art which heav'ns affect)
And to his art conferr'd such rare effect?
I know not, I, for I am but a Boy,
What may impart to Mortals highest joy;
But sure I am, if benefit of health
Preferred be 'fore honour, pleasure, wealth,
"All Sacred Pæans we are bound to give
"To HIM, *by whom we love, by whom we live.*
NEXT *him,* Epimonos, *one of such awe,*
Hee ever us'd to make his Will *his* Law;
In opposition both with Earth and Heav'n,
Hee ever stood, nor would be led nor driven.
Stiffe and unpliant were his Arteries,
His acts to others meere Antipodes.

The

The more you mov'd him, lesser did hee feele,
And wisht his head had stood upon his heele.
Such a strange buzzing *in his eares was growne,*
Hee'd heare no mans opinion but his owne.
Nay, now and then he would not stand upon't,
But to call Nature to a strict account,
And tax her too for some supposed crime,
Which was not Natures, but the fault of time.
cc I muse (quoth he) what Wood-cocke could pre-
cc With Nature so, to decke the Peacocks *taile (vaile*
cc With such a various lustre, beauteous pall,
cc And to the Ostritch *give no taile at all.*
cc And why the Oxes *hornes so bravely spread,*
cc Should not stand on his shoulders *but his* head,
cc Being the stronger part, as all may see;
cc Farre fitter then his armour there should bee.
Nor could hee e're this Criticke humour smother,
But still finde fault with one thing or another.
But this rare Artist, when hee had discride
This strange distemper, and receits applide
To cure his malady, resolv'd to frame
A Shrine, t'enforce Epimonos *to shame.*
And his device was this: One Demophon,
Who us'd to sweat ith' shade, to shake it h' Sunne;
Was in an artfull Modell featured,
And in each part so nearely shadowed

To

To this Epimonos, *so like was hee,*
As he himselfe unto himselfe could bee.
The more he ey'd this modell wrought so fit,
The more he saw himselfe displaid in it;
All jeer'd him to his face, to heare him hold
Opinions which reason had control'd:
So as to chastice this Opinionate,
He was adjudg'd by censure of the State,
Till he his perverse *humour should disclaime,*
T'expose his person to a publike shame.
Which censure past, like birds about an Owle,
The rabble rout enclose this humorous foole;
Some strip him nak'd, some twitch him by the nose,
Others doe crampe him by the thighs or toes;
Each has an hand in his just punishment,
As if they had beene by the Furies *sent.*
All this Epimonos *no sooner eyes,*
Than to himselfe with winged speed he flies.
"*Art sleepe or wake,* Epimonos, *said hee?*
"*Or seeing, not observ'st what thou dost see?*
"*Canst thou forget thy selfe, and see this shape?*
"*Or to thy selfe thy selfe a stranger make?*
"*Thy forme and feature are (with this) the same,*
"*Thy actions too doe merit equall shame.*
"*Who ever wedded more to his opinion?*
"*Who to himselfe a more deluded Minion?*

"*Who*

"Who more averse from that which others thought?
"Who more esteeme from diseesteeme e're sought?
"Who lesse conceiving and perversly *vaine?*
"Who lesse admir'd, and higher hopes retaine?
"Who lives to be lesse lov'd, and more selfe-priz'd?
"Who ever lesse affected, more dispis'd?
"Fie then recant; he has the happiest wit,
"Who has discretion to attemper it.
"And of all others, those the least doe erre,
"Who in opinion are least singular.
"Let Stoicks be to opposition given,
"Who to extreames in arguments are driven;
"Submit thy judgement to anothers will
"If it be good; oppose it mildly, ill.
"Discreetest tempers passion will forbeare,
"And make good use of what they see or heare.
"These, strifes compose, but diff'rence seldome stirre,
"Nor by rash answers, censurings incurre.
"Be thou the same, so maist thou ever bee,
"While others suffer, from all censure free.

Such rare effects this Modell in him wrought,
As affability did steere his thought;
All his desires were how to give content,
And frame his actions to another bent
Than what he er'st affected; as in fine,
He was the choicest mirrour in his time.

If then t'extoll their Patrons, many please,
Why store them with inferiour gifts to these;
"*All Sacred Pæans we are bound to give*
"*To* HIM, *by whom we love, by whom we live.*
NEXT, *vaine* Uperephanos, *who still thought*
That th'world without him would be brought to nought;
For when the Dogge-starre *rag'd, he us'd to cry,*
"*No other* Atlas *ha's the world but I.*
"*I am that only Hee supports the State;*
"*Cements division, shuts up* Janus *gate;*
"*Improves the publike fame, chalks out the way*
"*How Princes should command, Subjects obey.*
"*I am that* Lesbian *rule directs each action,*
"*And rectifies the crooked line of faction.*
"*Nought passeth my discovery, for my sense*
"*Extends it selfe to all intelligence.*
"*Yea, I imperswaded, whensoe're I die,*
"*(As wisest men cope with mortalitie)*
"*The greatest Statists that survivors be*
"*Will make an* Idoll-Deity *of me.*
"*For quickly would this spacious fabrike quaile,*
"*If my* Atlanticke *shoulders should but faile*
"*To give it supportance: this's the very cause*
"*They stile me the* Lycurgus *of just lawes;*
"*Fame my renowne, consume whole Summer-dayes*
"*In the relation of my Consul-praise.*

This

This Æsculapius *finds, and streight applies*
Receits unto his temples and his eyes;
A flatuous humour forthwith hee extracts
From his enflumed stomacke, which distracts
His intellect: and to recall his wit,
(For by a mad Dogge *hee was lately bit)*
He makes the Liver *of the* Dogge *be-minc'd,*
And in a silver-valley-fountaine rinc'd;
Which he prescribes him drinke from day to day,
So by degrees his fury to allay.
This done, exactly done, he causeth one
* *To paint the plot of* Tarquin *and his* Sonne;
When hee in hidden Characters did show
How hee should act the Gabian *overthrow.*
Where th'highest Poppies *in his Garden stood*
He politikely pruned with his rod:
Implying th' ablest States-men that had watcht
O're th' State the most, should soonest be dispatcht.
But for such Poppies *as did under-grow,*
Those Poppies *were but* Puppies, *let them go.*
Under this Story hee an Embleme made
Of Atlas *by the world overlaide;*
Who bore it up, but being out of breath,
The world and her Supporter fell therewith.

* This Story is raised to his full height and posture, in that Historicall discourse, entituled, *The Politike Leader.*

This

This Story having read, with th' Embleme too,
He found himselfe displaid, but knew not how.
Yet more he read, the more he might perceive
Himselfe so form'd, no Artist could engrave
His Sculpture to more life; which to discusse,
He with himselfe in priuate argued thus.
"*What might this Story meane by* Poppy *flowers?*
"*Or by those High-ones lopt by higher powers?*
"*By* Poppies, Consuls (*sure*) *implied bee,*
"*And those prun'd first, are highest in degree.*
"*These tender-rising flowers which lowest are,*
"*Imperious* Tarquin *bids his* Sextus *spare,*
"*They are below his censure; those who were*
"*Great in the worlds esteeme, and popular,*
"*Must hop without an head, and learne to trie*
"*The fate of greatnesse being doom'd to die.*
"*Againe, peruse this Embleme, and in it*
"*The ruine of an over-weening wit.*
"*These, who presume in others diseesteeme,*
"*To bring to passe whats'ere they vainly dreame;*
"*Or to partake with others hold a scorne,*
"*Boasting that th' State is on their shoulders borne;*
"*Are heere by* Atlas *lively shadowed,*
"*And in them thy* vain-glory *censured.*
"*See, see* Uperephanos, *thy condition*
"*Deblazon'd in this* Embleme *of ambition!*

"*Thou*

"*Thou held thy ſhoulders onely fit to beare*
"*The State, and her declining body reare,*
"*Thou deem'd no action meriting applauſe,*
"*Wherein thou wert not ſtil'd the moving cauſe.*
"*Thou thought the publike State could not ſubſiſt,*
"*Unleſſe it did on thy ſupportance reſt.*
"*Thus to thy ſelfe thy ſelfe an* Idoll *was,*
"*And more ador'd than* Iſis *golden Aſſe:*
"*Whereas* Themiſta *well perceiv'd by thee,*
"*Thy private crimes were not from cenſure free.*
So well this Story *and this* Embleme *wrought,*
Uperephanos *was ſo humble brought,*
As he on Earth diſvalu'd nothing more
Than what his vaineſt humour priz'd before.
More wiſe, but leſſe conceited of his wit;
More pregnant, but leſſe apt to humour it;
More worthy, 'cauſe he could agnize his want;
More eminent, becauſe leſſe arrogant.
In briefe, ſo humbly-morally-divine,
He was eſteem'd the Non-ſuch *of his time.*
If then for him who doth us outward good,
We will not ſticke to hazard ſtate and blood,
"*All Sacred Pæans we are bound to give*
"*To* HIM, *by whom we love, by whom we live.*
Next him Meilixos, *ſuch a ſtarved one,*
As he had nothing left but ſkinne and bone.

The

The shady substance of a living man,
Or object of contempt where er'e he came.
Yet had hee able parts, and could discourse,
Presse moving reasons, arguments enforce,
Expresse his readings with a comely grace,
And prove himselfe a Consul *in his place.*
But weake he was, though for his judgement strong,
And would not hold in any reason long:
For though hee could to secret'st notions dive,
Hee held himselfe the simplest man alive.
So as in arguments hee still would yeeld,
And to one meane in judgement leave the field.
Weake was his constitution, small his feature,
Of easie-pliant temper, facile nature;
Cold, aguish, and subject unto bleeding,
His radicall humour dri'd with too much reading;
Yea, his weake health runne on that dang'rous shelfe,
His feeble corps could scarce support it selfe.
And for his eyes, they did so ill bested him,
He could goe no way but as others led him.
So as, oft privately he would complaine,
And tax his weakneſſe *too, but all in vaine,*
Why his desires in action fell so short,
Which to himselfe hee question'd in this sort.
"*How is't* Meilixos? *must thou ever fall*
"*From worse to worse by being Physicall?*

Is

" *Is there no hope of Cure, no helpe to Care,*
" *But still be rank'd 'mongst those who* weakest *are?*
" *Must thou in silence live, retired die,*
" *And cloze thy dayes with this infirmitie?*
" *Others can walke, discourse and reason too,*
" *And other noble actions bravely doe:*
" *Thou none of all these Offices retaines,*
" *But sitt'st* Bench-mute *with thy decayed braines.*
" *Where's that Delinquent thou e're censur'd yet,*
" *That thou by* Iustice *might opinion get?*
" *Nay, wherein hath thy doome made deff erence*
" *'Twixt deepe-dyde guilt, and spotlesse innocence?*
" *Put out thy lamp then, which her light so smothers,*
" *It gives no lustre to thy selfe nor others.*
Great Æsculapius *forthwith to prevent*
Occasion of ensuing detriment,
Prepares his choice receits to cheare his blood,
Extracts what's ill, and renovates the good.
Nought hee omits to expedite his cure,
Whereof such may despaire, are most secure.
All which perform'd (what cannot art effect?)
Hee shewes himselfe a curious Architect:
Structures hee frames, and in them Statues too
Of Inus, Iphiclus *and many mo;*
Where hee deviseth Iphiclus *to stand*
On Inus *shoulders; and at his command*

To

To steere the Pinnace of a troubled State;
Meilixos *looks, and laughs at this conceit;*
Consults with reason, questions ev'ry doubt,
And longs to sift this Statue-morall out.
At last he finds the morall's meant by him,
And represents the state that he is in.
Which found, he makes a morall application
Unto himsefe, discoursing in this fashion.
"*What's meant*, Meilixos, *by this Statue here,*
"*Where dwarfish* Inus *doth a Giant beare,*
"*The nervie* Iphiclus? *O be not blinde!*
"*Thy feature in this Picture thou shalt finde.*
"*Each* Consul *is an* Iphiclus *of State,*
"*Who, when by* weaknesse *he will derrogate*
"*From th' honour he retaines; or judgement wave*
"*What his owne mouth definitively gave;*
"*Or bend the modell of impartiall law,*
"*To the imperious frowne of feare or awe;*
"*Or to Plebeian censure, ever rude,*
"*Give way, because there is a multitude:*
"*Then, then a* Pigmeis *shoulders him support,*
"*Because he fals in estimation short*
"*Of what the State expected at his hands,*
"*By giving way to popular commands.* (place;
"*Lay off this* weaknesse *then; know thine owne*
"*Let thine owne actions give degree a grace.*

"*Preferre*

cc Preferre the juſt mans cauſe; advance his right;
cc And cenſure favourites in Cæſars *ſight.*
cc Poize thy opinion; if't with juſtice *ſtand,*
cc Maintain't againſt the Chieftaines *of the Land;*
cc But if it want in weight, incline to his
cc Whoſe ſcale more equall and impartiall is.
cc For as great weakneſſe *in that man appeares,*
cc Who credulous, beleeves whats'ere he heares:
cc So doe wee hold him too opiniona'e,
cc Who deemes all wiſdome treaſur'd in his pate.
cc Be humbly modeſt, and diſcreetly wiſe,
cc Nor fooliſh, nor too prudent in thine eyes.
cc For as the former ſtrengthens ignorance,
cc So doth the latter taſte of arrogance.
I were rare now to imagine how this wrought
Upon Meilixos, *and how ſoone it brought*
His weak-inclining ſpirit to aſpire
To reputation, and with ſtrong deſire
To feed more noble thoughts than he e're knew,
Before this Artiſt his preſentment drew.
If we his praiſes then ſo much diſplay,
Who gives us health, or addes to life a day,
Or helps decayed beauty, or repaires
Our chop-falne cheeks, or Winter-molted haires:
cc All Sacred Pæans we are bound to give
cc To HIM, *by whom we love, by whom we live.*

Next,

NEXT *him* Upotomos, *one more severe,*
Ne're purple *wore in this inferiour sphere;*
Rough and distastefull was his nature still,
His life unsociable, as was his will.
Eris *and* Enio *his two Pages were,*
His traine sterne Apuneia *us'd to beare.*
Terrour and thunder Ecchoʼd from his tongue,
Though weake in judgement, in opinion strong.
A fiery inflammation *seizʼd his eyes,*
Which could not well be temperʼd any wise:
For they were bloud-shot, *and so prone to ill,*
As Basiliske-*like, where e're they lookt, they kill.*
No Lawes but Draco's *with his humour stood,*
For they were writ in Characters of bloud.
His stomacke was distemperʼd in such sort,
Nought would digest; nor could he relish sport.
His dreames were full of melancholy feare,
Bolts, Halters, Gibbets hallowʼd in his Eare:
Fury fed nature with a little food,
Which ill concocted did him lesser good.
"*Ile purge these* Augean *stables of the state,*
"*(Thus would he say) and make these* Locusts *shake*
"*Who hold themselves secure: where if our lawes*
"*Cannot detect them, I shall mint some cause*
"*To bring them within lash of punishment;*
"*Admit they be sincerely innocent.*

"*If*

cc If none should but Delinquents censur'd bee,
cc Good would turne bad through much impunitie.
cc Beside, that witty fable of the Cranes
cc Implies no lesse than what our purpose aimes:
cc cc If good be found in bad mens company,
cc cc The good with bad must suffer equally.
cc For pregnant proofes, presumptions I will take,
cc And open guilt of meere suspition make.
cc For trembling captives who are doom'd to die,
cc I meane to triumph o're their miserie.
cc No word of comfort from my mouth shall come,
cc But domineering language to their doome.
cc For why! old age with new infirmities
cc Upon my crazie joynts so strongly seize,
cc As long I cannot live: lose then no time,
cc But of an errour make an hainous crime:
cc That these Decoys *who hope to trample o're thee,*
cc May by thy rigid judgement goe before thee.
cc I muse at his relenting spirit sheds teares,
cc When he the doome of any felon heares:
cc My brest's of stronger temper; I would see
cc A subject worke so strange effects on mee.
cc No, no; my flaming eyes delighted are
cc To see a troope of Rake-hels stand at barre
cc Accus'd for odious facts, and heare them frame
cc Fruitlesse excuses to their dying shame.

"Where finde I none through th' circuit where I go
"Or in those Counties I'm deputed to,
"Want of employment doth me much displease,
"Which makes me tax these supine Justices
"Of their remisnesse; or to their disgrace,
"They know not what belongs unto their place.
"Or, as I'm wont t'interpret actions still,
"People be there too simple to doe ill.
"For loth would I bee attributes to give
"Of doing good to th' purest men that live.
"Nor be they worthy of those roabs they weare,
"Who in their office will not be severe.
This our experien'st Herbist having found,
And search'd his strong distemper to the ground;
Salves he applies to cure his rankling wound,
And cleare those vitious humours which abound.
'Mongst which, the rar'st experiment of all,
Was taking of a red-worme from his gall,
Which fretted with such fury night and day,
As no receit this passion could allay,
Till hee h dop'ned him, and wrought his cure,
While he impatient, would no art endure.
No Parthian Tigre, mountaine Lioneſſe
Who hunts for him, who made her issuelesse,
Could shew more boundlesse fury; but in vaine
Did this enchained Patient complaine:

For

For to be cur'd although he did refuse,
Being fast bound, hee could not will nor chuse.
This done, and his distemper well allaid,
Hee caus'd a curious Orbell to be made,
Where Syracusan *tyrants were portrai'd*
And all their cruelties to life displai'd.
Next this, Argestes *in a frame lay under,*
By divine Iustice strucke from heav'n with thunder;
One, who was thunder all, and ne're could give
Hope to an humble penitent to live:
But held this irrelenting Tenet still,
"The way to cure a corrupt State's to kill.
In curious artfull manner these were drawne,
And to Upotomos *awaking showne:*
Whose now more piercing eye streight apprehends
Both what the Story *and the* Shrine *intends;*
Which to himselfe appli'd, hee thus began
To tax himselfe, cleane like another man.
"Heav'ns blesse me! I have had a fearfull dreame,
"For I was swimming in a purple sterame
"Of bloud which I have shed, and still mee thought,
"The more I sunke, the more I upward sought.
"Peering at last ashore, from th' curled Maine,
"A flash of fire streight pasht mee downe againe.
"And now awake, what see I but the same,
"Myselfe displayed in Argestes *frame!*

cc Here Syracusan tyrants shew to mee
cc What they affected, brutish crueltie.
cc There, sterne Argestes tels me by his fate,
cc That cruelty's the object of Joves hate.
cc O then Upotomos, in time repent,
cc * And grieve thou art not throughly penitent!
cc Drench thy dry soule in rivolets of teares,
cc Enhearse thy sable soule in lasting feares,
cc Embathe thy panting heart in flouds of griefe,
cc Enroll thy selfe amongst all mourners, chiefe;
cc Water thy bed with penitentiall showres,
cc And for wilde weeds, bring forth delicious flowers
cc For never did the Sunne yet shine upon
cc That wretch, who sinned more than thou hast done
cc cc Thus for each drop of blood unjustly shed,
cc cc Let sighs for sins with sands be numbered.

Such were the fruits these choice receits produc'd
He holds himselfe by Eris much abus'd:
Her therefore he discards, and vowes to bee
A president of affabilitie.
A milde-sweet presence forthwith he puts on,
And with that presence a delightfull tongue;
A melting heart, a moist distilling eye,
An open eare to heare a Plaintiffes crye.

* Ista liquescens pluvia, lavet peccati diluvia. Doleat reus, ut deleat Deus.

If a Physitian then such bounties have,
From whom we hope we may some health receive;
That if his purges doe us any good,
He meanes to purge our purse as well as bloud:
"All Sacred Pæans we are bound to give
"To HIM, *by whom we purely love, and live.*
NEXT Amerimnos, *not the least, though last,*
Amongst these active spirits slept so fast,
As th' drowsie Dormouse *in her shady cave*
Could more secure retirement never have.
Two holes in's siege the Hedge-hogge *reareth forth,*
One to the South, the other to the North:
Now when the South-wind blowes he stops that hole,
And turnes him Northward, to the Northerne pole;
Againe, when th' North-wind blowes, he leaves his booth,
Stops up that hole, and turns him to the South.
And such an Urchin Amerimnos *was,*
Who little car'd how precious time did passe,
So he might sleepe secure, his palate please,
And for his Honour *get a* Writ of ease.
But so addicted was he unto sloth,
Hee'd fall sometimes asleepe with meat in's mouth.
His driveling chin did with his bosome meet,
With beard to belly, belly to his feet:
Which was stretcht forth to that extensive breed,
His two Supporters did no Tent-house need.

So

So as, none would have ta'ne him at that time
For any other than a Porcupine.
Wise Æsculapius *caus'd his man to shake him,*
But no externall motion could wake him;
So as he found all such enticements vaine,
For if he wak'd, he fell asleepe againe.
An Epimeilian *Julip he applies*
Unto his breasts, his temples, and his eyes,
With cheerfull perfumes, wrought by choicest art,
To re-dispose the intellectuall part.
All viscid humours he extracted quite,
To give his understanding cleerer light.
And that his practice more successe might have,
He form'd Silenus *sleeping in a Cave;*
Fruits and delicious Liquours touch't his lip,
Yet would he not bow downe his necke to sip.
Neare to the Cave a speckled Aspicke *came*
With poys'nous sting to wound the sleeping man,
But an industrious Emmet *did prevent*
The envious Aspicks *venomous intent:*
For she awak'd him with a chearfull charme,
So as the Aspicke *did him little harme.*
This Amerimnos *eyes; which makes him see*
Into himselfe and his stupidity.
This he finds meant by him, for now his sense
Had shaken off her former drousinesse:

Thus

Thus to himſelfe then his diſcourſe hee fits
By recollecting his diſperſed wits.
"Silenus *and an* Aſpicke! *pray thee eye*
"*This quaint device, and ſee what't may imply.*
"*Slothfull* Silenus *while he ſleeps in ſinne,*
"*Becomes aſſaulted by an* Aſpicks *ſting.*
"*But th'* Emmet, *by which diligence is meant,*
"*Awakes* Silenus, *foiles the* Aſps *intent.*
"*Apply this to thy ſelfe, let induſtry*
"*Be ſtill thine Harbinger to Uſher thee;*
"*Hate what thou er'ſt affected, barraine ſloth,*
"*Take no delight in a delicious tooth;*
"*Let State-employment reave thee of thy reſt,*
"*That thou with honour maiſt repaire thy neſt;*
"*Thinke thy ſelfe richeſt when thou liveſt beſt,*
"*So ſhall this conſcience be a cheerfull gueſt.*
And his reſolves hee brought to ſuch ſucceſſe,
As all his actions fam'd his worthineſſe:
Rich was the treaſure of his well-ſpent time,
Wherein no day without a vertuous line.
Pure the compoſure of his well wrought minde,
To publike works of piety confin'd.
What Trophies are wee then for HIM *to reare,*
Whoſe care hath cur'd theſe Statiſts *we have here:*
And of diſtemper'd men brought them to feele
Both their owne griefes, and of the Common-weale?

For

For if we them reward who have a care
T'intend our bodies, or our States repaire;
Farre ampler bounties wee re to render HIM,
Who gives repaire unto our state within.
"Triumphant Pæans then wee're bound to give
"To HIM, *by whom we love, subsist, and live.*

Argument.

Themista *seemes at first not to bee perswaded that Cures of such difficulty could so expeditely be effected; She fals into an admiration of her owne happinesse, with a resolved tender of thankfulnesse, if* Harmonius *relation become seconded by successe; She gives especiall direction, that her* Consuls

iuls bee admitted to her presence, to expresse by their discourse, apparent arguments of their Cure; Metoxos, *the ancienteſt of her* Conſuls, *is called forth, and declares the manner of his Cure, which hee aſcribes to* Æſculapius *inceſſant Care; He diſclaimes his former folly, and appeales to* Iſotes, *whoſe company he onely admits to relate his recovery.*

PROSE I.

DOe I ſleep? or waking, am I deluded? Is it poſſible that our *Metoxos*

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Metoxos should bee recovered? Is that Sacred thirst of gold in him so soone quenched? Surely, cures so difficult and habitually inveterate, cannot so speedily bee effected. Wee say, "No taske of importance may admit a speedy dispatch: Yet this, of all others, most intricate, is to a short limit confined. That hee, who could distinguish of no other colour but gold; and held no other colour worthy use in Heraldry; should now hold it adulterate for abusing the State.

Rare

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Rare experiments, truſt me, ſo they be reall, and not delude mee. Wee know not what to thinke of it, leſt wee ſhould perplex our thoughts too much by embarking our ſelfe upon it. Yet, wee have heard, if any one infected with the *Iaundiſe*, ſhall but looke upon the bird *Icterus*, he forthwith recovers and regaines his former beauty and colour; why ſhould I then doubt, but upon theſe experiments, which the ſacred ſecrecie of art hath diſcovered, that my long diſtempered Conſul *Metoxos* ſhould deſpaire

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despaire of recovery ? Why may not these terrible Presentments worke so much upon his fancie, as the impression of them may avert him from what he most affected ; and adhere to that which before hee least relished ? which effect, should wee see produced, to what height of admiration might wee bee raised ? Nor should we close our receit of happinesse, without a resolved tender of thankfulnesse ; could *Harmonius* relation (seconded with such native action) become seconded by

an

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an anſwerable ſucceſſe. But fit it were, that what wee heare confirmed by report, wee ſee made good by entercourſe to thoſe, with whom wee are to addreſſe our diſcourſe. Wee purpoſe therefore to give eſpeciall direction, that theſe our *Conſuls* bee admitted to our preſence, to expreſſe by their diſcourſe, apparent arguments of their Cure, and ſoveraigne effects of our Care. And that this may bee done the better, wee will call each of our *Conſuls* perſonally in their order.

Havi g

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Having said thus, shee gave especiall directions, that *Metoxos*, the ancientest of all her *Consuls*, should be called forth; whom shee no sooner saw approaching, than shee imagined how it was with him. For his very outward posture expressed an alteration in his temper. And al the better to try conclusions on her recovered *Patritian*; shee caused sundry peeces of gold to bee scattered in the way as hee ascended up to their Iudiciall Throne; purposely to see whether that metall, wherewith his captived

tiv'ed affections were formerly ſo much, not onely reſtrained, but enchained, would take his eye or no; but all theſe were too inferiour baits for ſo rectified a ſpirit. Theſe hee valued equally as duſt; and with a noble command, or princely contempt of all deſpicable objects, advancing himſelfe with a gracefull preſence towards *Themiſta*, applied himſelfe to her command. Who deſirous to gather by his diſcourſe, what ſhee had collected by his preſence, willed him to declare the manner of his

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his cure, to the end he might render a more ample requitall of *Æsculapius* care.

Madam (quoth *Metoxos*) to relate every particular ingredience used by this divine Artist, would so enlarge the extent of my discourse, as the relation would appeare no lesse useleſse to the Hearer, than tedious to the Relator. To avoid then all frivolous and fruitleſse ambages, which are usually so far from directing or enlightning the understanding, as they are made rather for distracting or burthening our appre-

apprehenſion, I ſhall briefly returne unto your *Grace* a juſt account of the benefits I have received, the incomparable comforts I have conceived; all which may bee eaſily gathered by thoſe many infirmities whereto before I ſtood engaged, and whereof, (thanks to the Supreame Deity) I am now perfectly cured. *Lib.* 4.

It is not unknowne unto my Soveraigneſſe, with what diſtempers I was ſeized; inſomuch as, I never came to the Bench of *Iuſtice*, but I ſhewed ſome apparent

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argument or other of my weaknes: Which caused some of my neareſt to imagine, that I was ſurely either bewitched or poſſeſſed. Your Sacred Medall (the exquiſiteſt Maſter-peece of art that ever *Arcady* produced) being moulded of pure gold did ſo ſympathize with my *partiall-gilt* nature, as I could never looke upon the Statue, but my teeth did water: No other Object could take me, ſo much was I devoted to that Plebeian Idolatry. As for my *hands*, I could never ſhut them, ſo much had hope of

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of gaine enlarged them: for I imagined, if they were ſhut, how could they partake in any booty, or receive any competible ſhare in a Clients enforced bounty. For my *Lungs*, they were ſo decayed, as an Aſthmaticall *Apnœa* had ſurprized them. Beſides, a dangerous ſwelling in my throat, when *Saturne* had predominance over the *Clientall* regiment; with a deſperate *Migrim*, which averted mine *Eare* from the Suit of a *juſt*, but *poore* Complainant, daily threatned a diſſolution to

*Lib.*4. this my weake earthly Structure. Yet could these cõstant *Nuntio's* of my frailty, little weane mee from mine accustomed folly. For though age had wrought many deep furrowes in my face; and sundry growing infirmities incident to age, had enfeebled nature, and engaged mee to a continuate distemper: yet in this my decrepit doting age, was I infinitely taken with three impudent Curtezans; whose wooing-winning enticements had so far prevailed with mee, as that day seemed tedious, which I spent

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spent not in *Philia's*, *Dysnoia's*, or *Analeutheria's* company. - Which, though some thought I did purposely to improve and enrich my state; sure I am, their amorous embraces, and incessant attendance, much weakned and impaired my strength. Now observe the rare effects of this divine art! By the benefit I received from *Æsculapius*, to whose especiall Care your *Grace* recommended our Cure, I loath nothing more than what I did formerly love; my *thirst*, which before was only

*Lib.*4. onely for *Gold*, now extends ſolely to the *publike good*. Now, would your Ladiſhip know the meanes which brought mee firſt to an hate of this fury! Bee pleaſed to heare mee, and you ſhall receive a true relation from mee. After ſuch time, as this divine Artiſt *Æſculapius* had prepared my body, and applied divers ſoveraigne receits for my more ſpeedy recovery; and amongſt others, certaine *gilded pils*, which procured in mee ſo violent a vomit, as I could not for long time after looke upon that *Object*,

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Object, but I did highly diſtaſte it: He bethought himſelfe by what meanes hee might worke the deepeſt impreſſion upon my imagination; which he obſerved to bee ſo clouded and troubled, as nothing came from me, but diſtractedly and indiſpoſedly uttered. Hee obſerved, as the *Eyes* were the *members* of the *body*, ſo they were the *windowes* of the *minde*; nay, that the *Eye* was a *living glaſſe*, or ſuch a repreſentative mirrour, as by *reflexion* of conceit, the Delinquent might ſooneſt come

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to the knowledge, acknowledgement & amendment of his errour. For this end he devised and artfully contrived certaine curious Emblemes presented to life; which were discovered unto mee in an Ovall; where I might apparently see a Picture, as neare resembling mine owne person, in favour and feature, as could bee imitated by art, or first initiated by nature. No part of all mine habit undisplayed; no action or gesture by mee used, but there presented. So as, in very truth, I either thought that there was

was ſome other *Metoxos* beſides mee; or elſe that ſome had aſſumed *Metoxos* habit and perſon, purpoſely to delude mee. But how doe you thinke was the poſture of this picture framed? In what manner diſpoſed? This *Metoxos*, as hee was thus portrayed and perſonated, ſeemed to mee bound to a flaming ſtake; and thoſe three Curtezans, on which I ſo much doated while I was diſtempered, ſtanding there like diſtracted Furies, haled downe whole *Laddles* of *moulten Gold* downe his throat,

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throat; ever and anon bellowing forth these words with a fearful voice; "*Quench* "*thy thirst* Metoxos; *here is* "*gold for thee*; *partiality de-*"*serves such a partiall-gilt-*"*bounty*. This Presentment did not a little startle mee; so as comparing this feature with mine owne; his action gesture and posture with mine owne; those three Curtezans, which I tendred as mine owne, with those exquisitest torments inflicted upon that Image which resembled mine, as nearly as I mine owne; I begunne to recol-

recollect my diſcatered ſenſes, and in this manner to expoſtulate with my ſelfe. *Lib.4.*

" *Metoxos* ſo fully to life
" portrayed! And my whole
" life in this image of *Me-*
" *toxos* ſo lively diſplayed?
" Sure there is ſomething in
" it, which, as yet, I little
" dreame of. There is, que-
" ſtionleſſe, ſome ſecret my-
" ſterious Morall covertly
" ſhadowed in this Preſent-
" ment: well, I purpoſe to
" dive farther yet into the
" depth of this Ænigmaticall
" Riddle. Diſcuſſe then each
" particular, to the end thou
maiſt

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"maist become the more au-
"thenticke Expositor. What
"may seeme to bee meant by
"these *three Curtezans*, and
"those *Laddles* of *moulten*
"*gold*, which they are inces-
"santly powring downe the
"throat of this personated
"*Metoxos* ? Are not these
"the reall personages of
"those amorous Curtezans,
"which thou sometimes so
"miserably affected ? Yet,
"are these they, by whom
"*Metoxos* becomes wofull-
"ly tormented. But whence
"the cause? Eye the impreze,
"and it will informe thee:

FOR

"FOR PARTIALITY.
"Exantine then every cir-
"cumstance, and see if the
"*shadow* agree not with the
"*substance.* Reflect upon thy
"selfe, *Metoxos*, and observe
"well if these have not pro-
"per allusion to thee! Thine
"owne forme thou here
"seest undistinguishably cō-
"curring; thy three amo-
"rous *Dalilahs* attending
"and tormenting; with *Par-*
"*tiality*, the cause producing,
"why these torments are in-
"flicting. Consider like-
"wise, how torments are e-
"ver inflicted, by that sub-
ject

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"ject whereon wee stand
"most affected. And what
"was it *Metoxos*, that in the
"whole course of thy di-
"stempered justice, thou
"most affected? What was
"it whertothou stood most
"engaged? Was it not Gold,
"*Metoxos*? yes sure; that
"was the bait which did on-
"ly take mee: It was my use
"to poise the worth of the
"cause, by the weight of the
"purse. Gold was the Ce-
"ment, which souldred *Par-*
"*tiality* with *Iudgement*. O
"divine Embleme! This
"shall worke more rare ef-
fects

"fects upon my corrupted
"ſenſe, than any other Phyſi
"call ingredience. It ſhall bee
"my conſtant reſolve to
"loath, what I did ſo miſera-
"bly love; that I may fall
"in love, with what I did
"ſo deſperately loath. Diſ-
"cretion ſhall give directi-
"on to my affection; I pur-
"poſe henceforth never ſo
"intentively to fix upon the
"*bye*, as to become forget-
"full of the *maine*. Theſe
"preſentments tendred mee
"by ſo judicious and exqui-
"ſite an Artiſt, ſhall by the
"power of him that made
"mee,

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"mee, worke such impres
"sions in mee, as no time
"shall raze out the memory
"of so impressive a chara-
"cter; nor decline mee from
"being just, for either lucre,
"feare or favour,

Nor was this Embleme onely there expressed; but *Midas* likewise, with his Asses eares, to life presented; who desiring whatsoever he touched, might to Gold bee turned, received his wish in his dish, and so for want of naturall nourishment, became famished. But this wrought no such effect upon

on

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on my conceit, as did the former: for ſo ſtrangely was I unnaturalized, or eſtranged rather from my narive and in-bred diſpoſition, as nothing appeared more diſtaſtfull to my ſight, than the Object of Gold: euer dreaming of thoſe fearefull torments, which thoſe my darling *Dalilahs*, complete Curtezans, inflicted upon that Picture, which ſo nearly reſembled *Metoxos* feature.

Theſe ſoveraigne effects partly derived from thoſe precedent *Receits*, partly from theſe impreſſive *Em*

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blemes; made mee remember that Physicall Maxime so often delivered, by *Æsculapius* our great Professor: "When a man bleeds at the "nose, and through abun- "dance of bloud, is brought "in danger of his life, the "Physitian lets him bloud "in his arme, to turne the "course of the bloud ano- "ther way: If love issue out in too violent a streame, it is to be cooled by a temperate expostulation with fancie: or else, by fixing our eye upon some more attractive Object, divert the course of that

that madding Paſſion. *Lib.*4.

Now Madam, ſuch ſhall ever bee my conſtant humility, as I muſt ſolely aſcribe this incomparable benefit of my Cure, to *Æſculapius* inceſſant Care: Whoſe exquiſite art produced this incredible worke. It reſts then, that howſoever my Soveraigneſſe bee pleaſed to diſpoſe of mee, it ſhall bee my fixt intention, utterly to diſclaime my former folly: While I appeale to *Iſotes*, whoſe company I onely admit to relate my diſcovery.

Argument.

Ilotes *in musicall ayres relates the incredible effects of* Metoxos *Cure; the moderation or attemperature of his desires; his distaste of all such meats as bred in him any distemper; And how much* Thelmilla *might improve her owne, by advancing his honour.*

Poesy II.

SEE, *Lady, see,* Metoxos *state*
Transform'd from what it was of late!
That

That Jaundise eye, *which could behold*
No object but refined gold;
That hand, *which like a thirsty grave,*
Was ever open to receive;
That heart, *whose native tincture spilt,*
Was chang'd into a partiall-gilt;
That tongue, *which knew not how to speake,*
Till chinke *made way the string to breake:*
Can looke, touch, like, *and make* discourse,
With free and unconstrained force.
Such rare effects your Grace *shall finde*
In cure of your Metoxos *minde.*
Vertue his spotlesse brest inspires
With moderation of desires;
Poore though in state, his minde is pure,
Stor'd with the sweet attemp'rature
Of choicest graces that can sute
A man to make him absolute.
What meats in him distemper bred,
His taste hath quite dis-relished.
Naught hee affects but what may give
Meanes to direct him how to live.
Receive him then into your grace,
His vertues will deserve his place.
Nor can you ever more improve
Your honour, than by good mens love:

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For when your grace to these is shownе,
You give improvement to your owne.
Advance him then; it is not chance
But choice which merit should advance.

Argument.

Themista, *sufficiently perswaded by what shee heares, joyes much in* Metoxos *recovery; Shee causeth* Epimonos, *her second* Consul, *to advance himselfe before her; hee returnes an ample testimonie of* Æsculapius *divine Theorie; in a sensible and passionate manner, hee discovers the effects of his former infirmity, with*

with pregnant demonſtrances of his recovery; and appeales to Epieices, *whoſe ſociety hee onely affects, to returne his opinion.*

PROSE II.

NO more, *Iſotes*, (ſaid *Themiſta*) wee are now altogether confident of *Metoxos* ſucceſſive Cure; whom to advance, (if his infirmity admit no relapſe) ſhall bee our eſpeciall Care. Nor can wee joy in any melody comparable to

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this of *Metoxos* recovery. But we will see (quoth shee) whether this happy effect hath befallen the rest of our *Consuls*; and with that, causing *Epimonos*, her Secondary, to advance himselfe before her; Shee willed him to returne the manner of his recovery; with what especiall receits were applied to cure his Malady. *Epimonos*, whose long-grounded *pertinacy*, hade made most of his friends despaire of remedy; in an affable and generous manner, making three low Congies before hee approached

ched *Themiſta's* preſence, addreſſed himſelfe in this diſcourſe unto his Soveraignneſſe.

Doe not (imparalleld Princeſſe) take mee now for that peeviſh & perverſe *Epimonos*, whom I did once too actually perſonate; which Preſentment made me moſt unfortunate. I have now put off that habit; nor will I ever (by divine aſſiſtance) reaſſume it. I confeſſe, Madam; nor ſhall it repent mee to confeſſe it, ſo I repent mee of it; and reſolve never to incurre it, that my long habituate

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bituate infirmity, by continuance, had brought mee to a meere insensiblity. Such a *stiffnesse*, or unpliablenesse I found in every part: that though I felt my selfe unwealdly; every faculty most averse from performing her proper duty: yet in this case (see my prevaricate misery!) would not I either be led or driven by any. The more I was *moved*, the lesse I *felt*; so insensible grew I of my present estate. An incessant *buzzing* I had got in my head, which barrocadoed mine *Eare* from inclining to any

any ones opinion but mine owne. This that ever-living Artiſt, to whoſe divine Cure wee were all recommended, had no ſooner obſerved, than hee preſcribed ſuch choice Phyſicall directions to cure my growing infirmity, that I became within ſhort ſpace to have ſome little feeling of my ſelfe, from which I was before ſo eſtranged, as I held my ſelfe moſt healthfull, when moſt diſtempered; beſt reſolved, when moſt diſtracted; and ſeemingly in my perplexed eſtate moſt happy, when moſt diſtreſſed. My

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My Morning draughts, wch uſed to bee *Fountineake*, were reſolved into Diet-drinks, ſtrongly tempered with the cooling juyce of *Eucampes*, with other ſimples immixed to allay the diſtempered heat of my bloud; and to reſtore nature ſo much weakned. Having made this introduction to his Cure, and now ſet mee on my feet, by the continuance of his diligence and care; to the end I might come to a more full ſurvey and diſcovery of mine owne folly, he framed this device: That one *Demophon*, who was

was naturally of an humour different to all others, ſhould bee in a Shrine portrayed, and in a window preſented, where I made my Proſpect. But ſo nearely reſembling mine owne Perſon, was this feature, as I ſhould diſclaime mine owne Phyſiognomy, to confeſſe any reſemblance liker. Long and intentively did I eye the Picture. Nothing could I find in it, but might perſonate my ſelfe; nor ought in my ſelfe, which might not alude to it. So as, not able to containe my ſelfe any longer;

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ger; nor to conceale my thoughts from my picture; like another *Narcissus*, not doating but doubting, or perplexedly discoursing with his shadow, I addresse my demands in this manner.

"How's this? One swea-
"ting in a shade, and shaking
"in the Sunne! This sure, is
"meant by *Demophon*, yet
"doth the Embleme beare
"the figure of *Epimonos*.
"And rightly so it may; for
"who ever, being man, was
"more averse from the na-
"ture, more contrary to the
"humour of man? What

was

" was it that ever yet pleaſed *Lib.4.*
" thy conceit, which thou
" ſaw pleaſing to another?
" Or what ever afforded thee
" delight, and complide with
" anothers conceit? Nay, un-
" rivet the ſecret Cabinet
" of thy retired'ſt thoughts,
" and obſerve how much
" thou haſt abuſed the State,
" depraved thy Conſul-ſeat
" by adhering too much to
" thy ſelfe, and perverting *ju-*
" *ſtice*, by oppoſing others to
" pleaſe thy ſelfe? What Edict
" didſt thou ever heare pub-
" liſhed? What Direction
" for State government ever
divulged

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"divulged? What Iudge-
"ment upon a convicted
"Delinquent pronounced?
"Or what Act soever pub-
"likely concluded, which
"thou traduced not, be-
"cause by others more
"*wise*, but lesse *opinionate*, ap-
"proved? What a strange
"Mould, *Epimonos*, was this,
"wherein thou wert casten,
"thus to dislike, what others
"liked; thus to affect, what
"others hated? was thy wit
"either so quicke and preg-
"nant? or thy judgement so
"strong and constant? Or
"thine experience so tran-
"scendent?

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"lcendent? Or thy person so
"precedent, as all others
"were to vaile to thine opi-
"nion? No, this was not it,
"but thine owne *selfe-will*
"which made thee thus opi-
"onate. O how harsh is his
"condition, whose sole de-
"light is Opposition! What
"can hee be, that may give
"content; when nothing
"but his owne devise plea-
"seth his conceit? O the
"folly of a poore wormlin?
"Who, if wise, can esteeme
"thee for more wise, in see-
"ing thee so desirous to op-
"pose? Womans strength

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"consists in *Tongue*; should
"a mans consist in *Will*?
"*Protogenes* could never
"hold his hand from the Pi-
"cture; nor thou an envi-
"ous eye from anothers la-
"bour. Is it wisdome enough
"to traduce, or to oppose
"what others approve? See
"the *Antipodes* in this only
"happier than we, because
"they walke in an opposite
"course against us: Say, say,
"*Epimonos*, how many poore
"Delinquents; nay, meere
"innocents, hath thy *perti-*
"nacy doomed to death; for
"no other cause, but that
"thy

"thy Colleagues lenity brea
"thed life? Againe, to how
"many hath thy averſneſſe
"breathed life, to whom
"Conſuls vote, Commons
"voice, and the mouth of
"Iuſtice had doomed death?
"It is the ſaying of a Philo
"pher, that every one ſhould
"have a friend, and an ene-
"mie; that his friend may
"tell him the truth; and his
"enemie make him more
"obſervant of his wayes.
"Yea, that his friend might
"ſeaſonably correct him;
"and his enemie by his in-
"dignities exerciſe him. But

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"how farre became I estran-
"ged from this Philosophi-
"call Tenet! for as hee could
"not possibly bee my friend,
"who applied not himselfe
"to my opinion; so could
"hee bee no lesse than mine
"enemie, who sought to
"mould mee to his instru-
"ction. My friend and Mo-
"nitor hee could not bee;
"how might he then correct
"mee? My Enemie and im-
"prover hee could not bee;
"how might hee then exer-
"cise mee? It is true, that the
"*Prienean* Sage wished ra-
"ther to be a Iudge amongst
"his

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" his foes than his friends :
" and his reason was, that
" the affection, and intimacy,
" hee bore to his friends,
" might incline him to con-
" nivence; whereas, the jea-
" lousie hee had of his foes,
" would cause him to bee
" more cautious in the exe-
" cution of Iustice. But what
" power had these respects
" with mee ? It was neither
" friend that I esteemed, nor
" foe that I feared, but my
" darling *Will*, whereto I be-
" came solely wedded ; and
" which to second, my best
" endevours were ever ad-

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"dressed. I have oftentimes
"wondred at the patience of
"an indulgent Magistrate, to
"give such liberty of speech
"even to a pretended Delin-
"quent: or to suffer himselfe
"to bee opposed by way
"of reason; as if his place
"were not of sufficient
"strength to exercise his
"power without farther rea-
"son. And as children are
"tied to rules in their argu-
"ing; so I held them chil-
"dish *Consuls*, who stood
"confined to these restricti-
"ons in their judging. But
"now, (thanks to *Æsculapius*

"divinest

"divineſt Theorie!) my
"outward conformity clo-
"ſing ſo ſweetly with in-
"ward unity, may aſſure my
"Soveraigneſſe of an infalli-
"ble recovery. I am taught
"now, how to *ſweat* in the
"*Sunne*, and *ſhake* in the
"*ſhade*; to ſubmit my opi-
"nion to others judgement;
"to diſclaime mine owne for
"inſufficient; to deſiſt from
"ſtanding too long in argu-
"ment, and to encline to
"reaſon, whenſoever produ-
"ced. All which, as ample
"teſtimonies of *Æſculapius*
"Care, and pregnant demon-

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"strances of my Cure; I "have here no lesse briefly, "than plainly returned to "you, divine *Lady*, with the "manner of my recovery, "the benefit whereof I free-"ly ascribe to your furthe-"rance and bounty.

Nor shall you ever have cause to tax mee (if so you please to imploy mee) either of *pertinacy*, or of any illegality; for by all my hopes I vow, since these incredible effects were wrought on me; I have disvalued mine owne opinion; beene so jealous of mine owne weaknesse; as I have

haue applied my ſelfe to nothing more, than a ſeeming priuacie or retirednesſe from buſineſſe. Howbeit, as I am not borne for my ſelfe, but for her honour, by whoſe meanes I am now come to my ſelfe, Madam ingage me, wherein, if you ſhall conceit that my employments may fall ſhort from perfecting ought which may redound to your reputation: I ſhall here become ſilent, by a modeſt reſtraint of ſelfe-approvement, and ingeniouſly appeale to *Epieices* opinion.

Argument.

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Argument.

Epicices *reports how much* Epimonos *is altered ; how his unsociable nature is attempered ; how observant hee is to all, and how desirous to improve the good of all ; and admiring how* Art *could possibly season* pertinacy *with so much* Lenity : *Hee assures* Themista, *that shee may rest confident in the affiance of so constant a servant.*

POESIE III.

MAdam obſerve, if you can finde
a purer minde!
Or with ſelecter graces fill'd
or leſſe ſelfe-will'd!
How much hee's altered in ſtate
from that of late!
Harſh was his nature, now as milde
as any childe;
Unſociable once was hee
as one could bee;
Now hee's full of ſweet remorſe
and choice diſcourſe,
And of ſuch a temper too
as I may vow;
None would take him, to ſee him paſſe,
for th' man hee was.
Obſervant is hee unto all
that deigne to call;
Nought here on Earth more wins his love
than to improve
The good of all, which if he gaine
hee b' at his aime.

Much

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Much I admire how Art could season want of reason,
Or that pertinatious spirit should inherit
Such a true Candor by meere art as to impart
Such rich brayes to mortall man as hee now can.
Accept him then, dread Soveraigneſſe, for Countreye bleſſe,
For now you may affiance have nought can deprave
This constant confidence in him, who wean'd from ſinne,
His noble temp'rature will ſhew
His service to the State and You.

Argument.

Themiſta *over-joyed to heare ſuch a ſucceſſive change; and*

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and wishing the like effect in the rest of her patient Consuls, wils Vperephanos to appeare in publike presence; whose humble obeisance infinitely takes her. Hee is so farre from preferring himselfe before others, as hee esteemes himselfe the unworthiest of all others. Hee blusheth at his former impertinences, and strengthens his intentions with Divine resolves; Hee vowes to admit none but Tapeinos into his company, to whose judgement hee appeales in his recovery.

PROSE

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Prose III.

A Maxime there is (said *Themista*) and wee finde it now fitly closing with our conceit: "what wee affect, exceeds all estimate; Now, what was it on Earth wee more affected, than to see this our selfe-opinionate and distempered *Epinomos* so rectified. as to conforme his will to anothers bent? What might comparably so overjoy us as to become an ocular witnesse of such a successive, but unexpected change? Never did

did teeming mother conceive more comfort in the view of her long laboured birth; nor the hazardous Merchant in his safe arrivall to land; nor the industrious Husbandman, who is fruitfull in hope, before hee partake the benefit or fruit of his Crop, than wee in the apprehension of this so much desired change. It is most true, that without the influence of divine grace, we can doe nothing, no more than the bird can flie without wings, the ship saile without wind or tide, the body move without our

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out the soule. From which how much is hee estranged, whose opinionate *pertinacy* him confident of his owne makes strength, and consequently a dangerous Pioner to his owne estate. We know right well, that it is one thing to fall into light sins through occasion onely, or humane frailty: and another thing to fall through affected negligence and security: but worst of all to fall through a precipitate will, and malitious obstinacie.

Needs then must it overjoy us, to see one (and one whom

whom wee held ſo tender) after ſo perillous a fall to recover, and in his recovery, quite to ſhake off his diſtemper. And may heaven ſo propitiouſly ſmile on our wiſhes, that the like effect my bee produced from the reſt of theſe our patient-Conſuls; whoſe late infirmities, as they did much afflict us, ſo ſhall the viſible arguments of their recovery, no leſſe entrance us.

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This ſaid, ſhee willed *Vperephanos*, (whoſe Cure was conceived to be of greateſt difficulty) to appeare in

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publike presence, and shew some apparant effects of his attempered malady. Whose *humble Obeisance*, at the very first blush, infinitely tooke her: Wondring more at his lowly carriage, affable countenance, and winning observance, than at any of all her recovered Patients. But being againe required by his Soveraignesse to relate the mediate or effectuall meanes for cure of his distemper; with a composed gravity, and well-seasoned humility, hee proceeded in this manner.

It

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It is not unknowne (Madam) to any perſonage of quality within your whole State, how that my diſtemper was not naturall but accidentall; for a long time did I ſit in the ſeat of *Iuſtice*; during which time I appeale to ſuch as then knew mee, whether I diſcharged not my Place with all integrity and uprightneſſe. Vertue I ever cheriſhed; Vice I chaſtiſed; the good I encouraged; the evill I diſheartned, and the publike good ſecured. But being in that populous State where I was, retaining

Lib. 4. that name which I had, and transported with that applause I heard; one morning walking forth to take the ayre, (no common ayre, but the breath of popular applause) it chanced that I was bit by a *mad Dog*, (a pricke ear'd Cur of *Phronema's* Litter) whose poysonous fang begun so to rankle, as the venome dispersed it selfe thorow every part, till at last it seized on my very braine; and so drove mee into a miserable distraction. "I thought every shady-tufted branch, forced by a pleasing gale,

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gale, bowed it ſelfe with a low ſalute to give mee a Congie. Thoſe ayerie Quiriſters, the Birds, chanted and chirped out my praiſe. In a word, ſo terribly was I madded, ſo highly diſtempered, as my *fellow-Conſuls* forbore to ſit with mee; my intimately-profeſſed friends withdrew themſelves from mee, after ſuch time as they had laboured to winne and weane mee, but could not prevaile with mee. Onely ſome Alleyes of *Thopeias*, meere inſinuating Foiſts, (as I afterwards well perceived)

*Lib.*4. clunge neare mee, feeding, like *Horseleaches*, on my distemper; and raising themselves by my ruine and dishonour. Yet were these my friends on which I fawned; the shadowes which I followed; the Snakes I fostered: all which found fresh fuell to my furie; new matter to my humour, to feed my distemper. Thus did I rove; thus did I range; no constant nor setled thought lodged in mee. I was so blowne up with the bladder of *Alazoneuma*, as I mounted aloft with the wings of *selfe-*

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ſelfe-conceit; imagining this inferior Orbe to be a Spheere too low for my unconfined ſpirit. What others (were it never ſo uſefull to State, or conducing to publike good) propounded, my irreſragable opinion ſleighted. For that deare *Minion* whom I ſo religiouſly ſerved, and to whoſe obſervance I had endeered my neareſt reſolves, had ſo bewitched mee, as no power could countermand the power of my will; or encroach ſo farre on the bounds of my irreſiſtable authority; as thoſe whoſe

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better tempered thoughts well deserved priority in opinion, were disesteemed by the precipitate torrent of my ambition.

Being thus carried on the wings of the wind, I became so hardned through the habit of mine infirmity, as nothing better relished mee, than to feed my distemper with whatsoever might best agree with the quality of mine indisposed humour. But this had our exquisite, and fame-eternized Artist no sooner discovered in me, than according to your directions

directions (moſt divine Soveraigneſſe) hee addreſſed himſelfe to my Cure. Which to effect the better, hee firſt ſought out the cauſe of my diſtemper: this found, hee applied ſuch ſoveraigne receits to my long exulcerate ſore, as the expeditenesſe of his Cure, expreſſed the infiniteneſſe of his Care: all which (to obſerve in my diſcourſe ſome methodicall decencie or order) was performed in this manner. Hee firſt applied to mee certaine medicines of a *corrading* quality, to bring mee to a more ſenſible

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sensible feeling of my selfe; for all that time, wherein I laboured of my distemper, I had no *feeling* at all of my infirmity, and therefore indifferent, or rather secure for any remedy. For being bit (as I said before) by a *mad Dogge*, whose rancorous and envenomed tooth had spred a dangerous malignant humour thorow every veine of mine infected body; that uncomparable Artist caused the *Dogges liver* to bee smally minced, and with the prime leaves of the low shrub *Tapeinotes*, to bee mixt: which was

was my break-fast for many Mornings together, till I begunne to have some little feeling of my distemper. But subject I was ever and anon to fearefull relapses and recidivations : Which my Physitian soone perceiving, caused mee for certaine dayes together to bee tied chinne deepe in *Lazarllio's Poole*, where I was kept to a low Diet, purposely to coole my inflamed bloud, and qualifie my violent distemper, occasioned by the infection of my Liver. For I must freely confesse, that an *ill Liver* was the

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the onely occasion of all my distemper. By this time had I suffered many a cold Bath: so as my bloud became cooled; my inflammation ceased, my corrupt Liver restored; while one day, in a private Arbour where I usually reposed, after my time of recovery, I might behold a curious Tablet, purposely devised by *Æsculapius* especiall direction, as I afterwards perceived. Wherein was engraven *Tarquinius Superbus*, to his full body; in his posture walking, and with a little rod lopping the tops of *Poppies*:

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Poppies: while on the other ſide of this Tablet, ſtood *Atlas* ſupporting the world; but under his burden, at the firſt ſeemingly fainting, and afterwards utterly failing and falling.

Having ſeriouſly fixed mine eye on theſe Statues, I begun to reflect upon my ſelfe, and to examine mine owne thoughts, whether there were not ſomething that might have proper relation to my ſelfe in the delineature of thoſe features: And thus I privately converſed with mine owne affections.

"Say

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"Say, *Vperephanos*, is there
"nothing here presented to
"thine eye, which thou maist
"not usefully convey to
"thine heart! Is not this
"very Tablet, a mirrour of
"thy late distempered hu-
"mour? Canst thou eye this
"Tablet, and not discerne
"thy selfe in it? Or observe
"this Embleme, and peruse
"it without a blush, seeing it
"displayes thine own shame?
"Canst thou, eye these
"mounting *Poppies*, whose
"height surpasse others, how
"soone they are pruned;
"and can thy boundlesse
"ambition

"ambition or ſelfe-admi-
"ring hold it ſelfe ſecured?
"By theſe *Poppies* were ſha-
"dowed eminent *Peeres*,
"whoſe riſing height was
"*Tarquins* eternall hate; ſo
"as, their height was the ſole
"occaſion of their ſiniſter
"fate. Inferiours were ſecure,
"while theſe ſuffered; ex-
"empt from danger, while
"theſe periſhed. Had their
"heads never mounted a-
"bove others, they had been
"as ſafe from perill as others.
"Apply this Embleme to
"thy ſelfe; for *Narciſſus* ne-
"ver had a fuller view of his
owne

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"owne beauty in the Fount,
"by which hee perished;
"than thou hast here of
"thine owne deformity, by
"which thou maist bee tru-
"ly cautioned. For say, *Vpe-*
"*rephanos*, who ever moun-
"ted higher in *selfe-conceit*?
"Who more selfe-admiring,
"or others lesse esteeming?
"yet in this thou fell short of
"their goodnesse and hap-
"pinesse, whom thou ob-
"servest in this Embleme
"shadowed. For these Peeres
"whom *Tarquin* gave dire-
"ction to his *Sextus*, in so co-
"vert and darke a manner to

cut

"cut off, were not onely
"great, but good. Their glo-
"ry was their Countreyes
"honour, which they ever
"laboured to advance by
"their owne danger. Their
"desires had a more glori-
"ous Object, than popular
"praise: so as, with a sweet,
"though a sad Evening, they
"closed their dayes. Whereas,
"they delight was not to be
"really good, nor improve
"the State, but to bee great,
"though it were to the ruine
"and subversion of the
"State. O the misery of an
"hot and high spirit! Where

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"our owne aimes are meer-
"ly titular, affecting nothing
"more than to bee popular.
"Reflect then, unhappy
"*Vperephanos* upon thine
"owne dispositon, and in
"this Embleme, eye the dis-
"covery of thine owne per-
"son. Desire rather to bee
"ranked amongst those
"low *Tamrisks*, than rising
"*Poplars*. But if this Em-
"bleme, or historicall allusi-
"on can worke no deepe im-
"pression on thee; observe
"that portraiture of *Atlas*,
"and then see if thy life bee
"not personated in that Fa-
"ble.

"ble. *Atlas* is heere ſhrinking
"under his burden: and to
"whom may this allude
"more properly than thy
"ſelfe? For how long, (mi-
"ſerably-deluded ſoule) haſt
"thou ſuppoſed out of thine
"arrogant, and ſelfe-admi-
"ring conceit, that the whole
"Fabricke of this *Vniverſe*
"ſolely leaned on thy ſhoul-
"ders; and that it could not
"ſubſiſt without thy ſup-
"portance? Reſolve then in-
"to teares; Pride not thy
"ſelfe in thy diſtemper, ſee-
"ing fooles and mad-men
"laugh at thine humour. Be

Lib. 4.

"so farre now from preferring thy selfe before others, "that thou esteeme thy selfe "the worst of all others. "Blush at thy former folly; "and those friends which "thou hast lost by pride, "regaine by humility. "Strengthen thy intentions "with divine resolves; that "nothing may worke more "on thy minde, than redee-"ming of time: which, by "how much more precious, "by so much more carefully "employed. In a word, "seeme not to be good, un-"lesse thou beest that which thou

"thou ſeemeſt: for ſem- Lib. 4
"blance of goodneſſe, how-
"ſoever it deceive the eye of
"the beholder, it ever aſper
"ſeth moſt blemiſh on the
"owner, when Policy hat
"loſt her vizard, hypocriſie
"her colour.

Thus, Madam, to my ſelfe I diſcourſed; and thus ever ſince have I reſolved. Nor is it my deſire, that your *Grace* ſhould only rely on my relation; or give ſuch eaſie credit to my pretended converſion, as to receive no other approvement: for I ſhall no leſſe humbly than freely ap-

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peale to *Tapeinos* his judgement, whom I religiously vow, onely to admit into my company, to deliver his opinion touching my recovery.

Argument

Tapeinos proves how happy it is to be humbled, that they may more sensibly feele the maladies to which they are affected; None more unhappy than hee who never felt adversity; The way to weale, is ingeniously

ly to acknowledge our owne want; Cedars *will never remember that they were once* Shrubbes; Promotion *declares what men bee, and* humility *informes them what they should bee. Hee concludes* Vperephanos *happy by his fall: being thereby made apt to supply wherein before hee did most faile. Hee admires his temper, and commends him to* Themista's *service, as one deserving honour.*

POESY IV.

HOw happy is his fate
Who humbled, becomes wise,

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Contented with his state,
He seeks no more to rise?
His fall hath made him feele
Those maladies hee had,
And sensibly to heale
Those humours which were bad:
Else would they ne're correct
Those humours they affect.

More hapless none than he,
Who Swims in worldly blisse,
And holds adversity
Estrang'd from him and his;
The way to weale, is then
In plenty and in scant
By curbing Selfe-esteeme
T'acknowledge our owne want:
But Cedars brooke the worst
To beare their Shrubs at first.

Promotion is the glasse
Declares what mortals bee,
But how they hence should passe
Informes humility.
Then rightly may I call
Uperephanos State

More

More happy by his fall
Than he appear'd of late;
Made apter to reforme
What others held in scorne.

It rests then I admire
His temper, and commend
His service to your Quire
That's stiled Vertues friend.
And take this of my Word,
His more deserving parts
Will such content afford
They'l winne the knowing'st hearts,
And thinke him worthy too
Of th' Honour you bestow.

Argument.

Themista *commands* Meilixos *to bee brought forth into the Presence-Chamber; where bee*

Lib. 4.

hee relates the manner of his Cure; Hee repents him of his time so remissely lost, and resolves to regaine, what his Security had lost by neglect; Hee appeales to Ilcuros, *to deliver his opinion to his Soveraignesse touching his Cure: and intends to redeeme his many misspent houres with a redoubled Care.*

PROSE IV.

PERPLEXED, and 'twixt hope and feare devided, stood all this time

time *Themistà*, as one fearefull whether these so pleasing Obiects were not meere Phantasies and deceptions of sight; but no one of all these inforced in her so impressive a motive of wonder and amazement as the strangely altered and meramorphos'd Condition of *Vperephanos*: the more shee observed him, the lesse shee beleeved what shee saw in him: for shee thought, how the *Wolfe* might probably change his *haire*, but hardly his *condition*: especially, having beene so strengthened by

Lib. 4.

by custome, and an innate malevoleney of disposition, as it promised lesse hope of recovery, by reason of the continuance of his infirmity. Wonder she could not sufficiently at his lowly Carriage, affable Countenance, and winning observance; wherewith shee was more taken than with any of all her recovered Patients. For to see one, whose ambition had mounted the Clowdes, and whose Selfe-conceit exceeded the confidence of Mortals, fall so farre off from preferring himselfe before o-

thers,

thers, as to esteeme himselfe the unworthiest of all others; Nay, to avert his Eares from his owne praise, and make Humility his onely prize; to knit his discourse so firmely with the Cement of discretion; and so sweetly season it with Moderation, as in a wise diffidence, to submit himselfe ever to others Opinion; to blush at his former impertinences, and strengthen his well-disposed intentions with divine resolves; Briefely, to relinquish all such infectious Consorts, as fed him most in

Lib. 4.

*Lib.*4.

in his humour, and with the bellowes of Sycophancy, kindled the Flame of his distemper; and to supply them with the vertuous society of *Tapeinos*; one, whose *humility* well deserved esteeme in the eminenst Family. I say, to see all these concurring in One, and one of whom there was least hope, could not chuse but much transport her, and so much the more over joy her, as it was least expected by her. Desirous then to heare the happy issue of this generall Cure, after shee had infinitely

finitely rejoyced in this unexpected recovery of her Consul *Vperephanos*, which Cure shee held to bee of greatest difficulty, shee forthwith commanded that *Melixos* should bee brought into the Presence-Chamber; Who, upon his Princesse command, related the issue of his Cure, after this manner.

How weake I was of constitution; how unconstant in my resolves; how desperately-diffident of mine owne abilities; how flexibly-yeelding to any ones proposition, were it never so averse nor

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nor devious from reason, your *Grace* cannot be ignorant: Meagre, leane and exhausted was my consumed body; no Faculty but desisted from preforming her due office, because in each of them I had a diffidence. Goe upon mine owne legs I could not, for they would not support mee; nor direct my course any way, but as others led me, I would not, so much had distrust wrought on mee. Bleede I would, if I should but see any Spectacle of griefe, for a whole day together: and with an effeminate

nate effluence of teares, dis-
cover my childish nature.
This our Fame-crowned
Artist, *Æsculapius* observed,
and with Receits duely ap-
plied, laboured by all means
to effect, what his divine art
hath now perfitted. *Cordi-
all* and *Comfortable* things he
prescribed, to restore Nature
so much decayed; mine Eies
with *Eye-bright* water hee
daily washed, to recover my
Sight almost perished; Hee
stanched my incessant blee-
ding; strengthened my si-
nues weake and declining;
And applyed certaine *Fo-*

Lib. 4.

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mentations to keepe me from cold Sweats and Swouning. Nought was wanting to bring my Cure to perfection. Patient I was of idlenesse, impatient of businesse. Nothing so relished me, so distempered was my Palat; nothing digested with me, so raw was my Stomach. But having now at last by his especiall Care, beene brought to a Sense of my griefe, and probable expectance of Cure; I was permitted, at certaine seasons, to walke abroad and take the ayre; but never without a Guide, who still atten-

attended mee, leſt by being left unto my ſelfe, ſome diſaſter might befall me. One day, as I was walking in an open Gallery, my Keeper ſhewed mee an excellent piece in Porphyrite Marble; wherein was portrayed the dwarfe *Inus*, bearing the Gyant *Iphiclus* on his ſhoulders. Which Statue as I intentively eyed, ſo I perſonally applyed, for I found my ſelfe preſented in it: being purpoſely invented and erected by my Phyſitian, that in it, as in a Mirror, I might ſee mine owne Condition. Re-

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questing therefore my Guardian to retire a little, and to leave mee to my selfe: in a private & familiar discourse, after this sort I uttered mine owne thoughts, wishing no Eare but the subtle Ayre to partake my complaints.

"A Picture! yes *Meilixos*; "and in it thine owne fea- "ture. How! *Inus* suppor- "ting *Iphiclus*! a weake Co- "lumne for such a Colosse. "The Morall without in- "version may be thus appli- "ed. When a *Statist* suffers "himselfe to be overswayed "by a *Pleibeian*; or out of a setled

"ferled jealousie of his owne
"*Weakneſſe*, inclines to every
"vulgar opinion; or out of a
"various wandring Conceit
"what he now decrees, hee
"presently revokes; or out
"of a diſesteeme of his owne
"judgement, will not main-
"taine what he uſefully pro-
"pounds; hee in his owne
"person presents this Em-
"bleme.

"Now reply to thine
"owne thoughts, *Meilixos*,
"and obſerve, if thou be not
"the Person here ſhadowed!
"How much haſt thou ever
"relyed on others opinions,

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" were their judgements ne-
" ver so shallow nor defe-
" ctive; their Conditions
" never so obscure nor Ple-
" beian? What judgement
" didst thou ever pronounce,
" which thine owne *Weake-*
" *nesse* did not make thee re-
" pent; or some inferiour op-
" position did not cause thee
" recant? Tell mee then, if
" thou see not here the Gyant
" *Iphiclus* borne a loft on the
" dwarfish *Inus* his shoulders?
" Who ever more confident
" of anothers opinion, or
" more diffident of his
" owne? Who ever depen-
' ded

"ded more on others Sup-
"portance, or trusted lesse
"his owne strength; occasi-
"oned meerely by his owne
"remissenesse? Who ever
"mannaged a State with
"more coldnesse, or censu-
"red Delinquents with
"more indulgence? Who e-
"ver suffered himselfe to be
"more deluded by the ad-
"vice of weakenesse, or
"misguided by simple di-
"rections? And what elsse
"was this, but to bee borne
"on dwarfish shoulders? Ir-
"resolute was I ever in my
"designes; nothing could

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"I doe which seemed not
"better undone than done.
"For, whatsoever the pre-
"ceeding day effected, the fol-
"lowing day ever distasted.
"In competition for offices,
"I stood ever divided, which
"to adhere to.

"Such a Newter among the
"Romans, was that famous,
"but various Orator, who
"could not resolve, whether
"hee should take *Cæsars* or
"*Pompeies* part. Such among
"the Grecians, was *Titides*,
"who could not determine
"whether he should joyn him-
"selfe with *Achilles* or *Hector*.

"Thus like a Top which
"alwaies

"alwayes runnes round, and
"never goes forward un-
"lesse it be whipt, traversed
"I my ground in a doubtfull
"Circuit: never lesse resol-
"ved then when I had least
"occasion to doubt.

Lib. 4.

But lest I should become too tedious to your *Grace*, by too much enlarging my discourse, you may understand by the effects, the proficience of his care. For as his *Receits*, had prepared me, so these moving *Emblemes* wrought such deepe impression on mee, as I now hate nothing more than *Pusillanimity*,

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nimity, to which I was formerly engaged, esteeming resolution and constancy the highest honour of a *Consul*. I neither approve of *Draco*'s Lawes, writ in *bloud*; nor *Theano*'s writ in *Sand*. In all Politique States, I shall ever hold *Law* to be the *Line*, *Execution* the *Life*: but Law without Execution a Leaden sword in a Golden sheath.

It now repents me of my time so remissely lost; nor shall the remainder of my time be wanting in resolves, to regaine by some industrious act, what my Security or

or Childish Lenity hath lost by neglect. *Lib.4.*

But what are golden promises, but faire flourishes, being coldly seconded by actuall performance? It shall bee my constant taske rather to practise than to talke. As your *Graces* Care hath brought mee to partake in the benefit of this Cure; it shall be my continued Endevour to addresse my employments wholy to your Honour. The infirmity of mine age may make mee faint, but my integrity shall never faile.

Now

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Now to strenthen your conceit in my recovery; I shall willingly disclaime my selfe, and ingenuously appeale to *Iscuros*, to deliver his opinion to you my Soveraigneſſe, touching my Cure, with an immutable resolve to redeeme my many mispent houres with a redoubled Care.

Argument.

Iscuros *imparts himselfe to* Themista; *He confirms her in the*

the opinion of Meilixos *conversion; hee perswades her to encourage him in his vertuous designes; Good dispositions are rather to bee cheered than checked, cherished than chastised; A sweet and well-disposed temper allayes the sharpenesse of a rigid censure: Hee assures* Themista *with much confidence of* Meilixos *fidelity and diligence: and that his late alteration well deserves both her affection and estimation.*

POESY

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POESIE V.

MAdam know
Meilixos Care is not in show;
Then begin,
Sweetly to encourage him
With these times
In his vertuous designes.
Good dispositions cheer'd, not checked be,
Cherish'd not chastic'd, for proficiencie.
A sweete temper
Sweetens sharpenesse of rough censure.
Rest assur'd
Of Meilixos safely cur'd,
That his care
Will supply those wants that were;
And with fidelity and diligence
Regaine his honour and your confidence.
For of late
Choice receits have cur'd his state;
Doe not then
Feare but hee'l deserve esteeme,
And restore
What deprav'd his life before.

"Such deserve best who knowing good and ill,
"Shunne ill, doe good with a resolved will.
Adverbs crowne all our actions, which excell
When we performe good *acts, and act them* wel.

Argument.

Themista *becomes infinitely taken with the hopefull recovery of her late distempered* Consuls; *Shee causeth* Vpotomos *to bee called forth; who discovers himselfe by sundry arguments, to be much chang'd from what hee was; He disclaimes all familiarity with* Eris, *whose malitious nature had corrupted his bloud; After much*

Lib. 4.

much importunity hee prevailes with Elecmon, *who attended on him during his infirmity, to relate to* Themista *the manner of his distemper, & grounds of his recovery.*

PROSE V.

REceits, said *Themista*! yes; these are choice receits indeed, and such as minister no lesse comfort to the *Agent* than *Patient*. What exquisite Cures are effected, where *art* is by *discretion* seasoned? How variously were these our Languishing *Consuls* distempered? And

nd by what admirable Experiments recovered? Iealous wee were (and Loue it was that made us jealous) of their recovery: wherein Art hath performed more than our hopes could expect; by making *wisemen* of *Fooles*, and such as were utterly lost in an overweening Conceit of their owne wit, to become sensible of their owne want. Sundry effects were produced from these distempers, and no lesse sundry receits applyed to cure their distempered humours. Some were wise enough, had they not

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through too much *arrogance*, knowne it too well; others too were wiſe enough, but through too much *diffidence*, they knew it not well. Some ſo *ſelfe-opinionate*, as they could never brooke oppoſition; others ſo *ſelfe-diffident*, as they ever appeal'd from their owne opinion. Some were conceited of *having* what they had not; others of *not-having* what they had. Some *contemned* all dangers, and death itſelfe, with more courage, than judgement; others *trembled* at the ſhaking of a Reede,

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Reede, preferring the ſha dow of an opinionate feare before all judgement. But to what end doe we ſpend the time in repetition of their diſtempers? That darke Cloude of our Sorrow is now diſpelled, thoſe duskie vapours of our diſcomfort diſperſed. Now may wee cheerefully breath, when wee live in them, in whom the State may proſperouſly breath. All other are but Secondaries to theſe comforts. Yet, howbeit we are perſwaded of the recovery of ſome, we are not altogether confi-

*Lib.*4.

dent of all. Wee are yet to take Survey of other two; the one whereof, for *Severity*, the other for *Security*, may equall if not surpasse the Examples of any. Vpon which words, turning her Eye aside, shee cauled *Vpotomos* to bee celled forth: whom at his first approch, shee thus encountred.

Now *Vpotomos*, how goes the world with you? is your boundlesse fury ought attempered? your dispassionate violence allayed? Can you converse with patience; or teach your unconfined

spirit

Lib. 4

ſpirit obedience? Can you ſuffer in anothers woe; or rejoyce in anothers weale? Can you drop a teare with a ſorrowfull delinquent; or with that a poore arraigned Captive may prove innocent? Can you favour life with a candide cenſure; and take no felicity in denouncing a ſentence of rigour. Are you ſo farre from inſulting o're a dejected offender, as you can partake in compaſſion with ſuch a ſufferer? Can you cheerefully breath on the face of innocency, and with an attentive Eare

Lib. 4. heare a wronged Plantiffe without roughneſſe? Can you put off the dreſſe of an imperious preſence; and entertaine your Equals with mildneſſe? Could you wiſh, while you ſit on your judiciall Bench, to your priſoners a ſolemne Iubile; ſo the State might not ſuffer through ſuch impunity? Could you finde in your heart, perſonally to ſuffer for the State; ſo the State might not ſuffer for impiety? In one word, could you wiſh rather to bee private and retired; than to prejudice the State

ſtate by being eminent or publike? Could you forgoe all honour, to improve your Countries fame by your diſhonour? If ſo, then happy is *Themiſta* in her *Vpotomos*; if otherwiſe, ſhee muſt cheerefully content herſelfe with the hopefull recovery of the reſt of her Patients.

Vpotomos all this while with a grave and well-compoſed behaviour, gave all attention to his Soveraigneſſe; and now with a low and reverend Salute, kneeling on his knee, as became the Majeſty of ſuch a Perſon, before whom

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whom hee was to addresse his discourse, he begun to relate the happy disposure and attemperature of his distempered humour, after this manner.

It is most true, Madam, that never any who sate at the helme, or steer'd the rudder of so flourishing an estate as ever subject to more unsuffrable enormities than I have beene. Never I say, was Statesman more distempered and in his distemper more domineered, for what was it I more affected, than to have mine owne humour satisfied

tisfied: which to effect, how much hath the line and level of *justice* beene made crooked. The course of *equity* perverted? Hence proceed my tears! Hence my feares! Teares, in a sensible remorse of my guilt; feares, lest the remainder of mine houres should not regaine what my former follies have lost. Nor is the remembrance, Madam, of mine actions to any one more distastefull, than they are to me hatefull. Worthy was that answer of the invincible *Alexander* to his Mother; who desirous to

execute

Lib. 4.

execute an innocent-harmeleſſe man, the better to prevaile with him, remembred him that herſelfe for the ſpace of nine moneths had carried him in her wombe, nouriſhed him with her owne bloud, and painfully laboured in his birth; and for theſe reaſons hee muſt not ſay her nay. *Aske* (ſaith hee) *good mother, ſome other gift of mee, and I will grant it: for the life of a man can by no benefit be recompenced.*

But how farre was this ſentence of juſt compaſſion from mee eſtranged; when I deſired

desired nothing more than to inflict punishment equally upon the innocent as on the delinquent? *Iulian* the Apostata once answered very wittily touching the liberty given accusers; *If onely to accuse, it were sufficient, who could be innocent?* But what a free eare have I ever given to accusers? What liberty to their suggestions? And how easily have I credited their improbable surmises? Nothing relished better than thunder and torture. Nor did I read any discourse with more delight, than the exqui site

Lib. 4.

quisite inventions of those Tyrants, who bestowed their time, or allotted large Pensions on others in their time, for contriving rare and unheard-of torments, for their supposed Delinquents.

Phereclus, and *Perillus* were my Minions; their projects were my patternes *Dennis* the tyrant (as *Plutarch* witnesseth) gave his Enemies no other torment, but salt meat to eat, and no drinke to drinke; and made them labour hard and not sleepe. And these relations were my choicest Recreations

ons at retired houres: When either businesse, or State gave way; or mine owne desires affected repose. Yet see! Whatsoever affected mee most by day, ever affrighted mee most by night. Those two severe and cruell sentences which my fury had pronounced, were ever to mee in my sleepe in bloudy Characters presented. Notwithstanding all this, *Demadis* I ever taxed, for finding fault with *Draco's* lawes, for being writ in *bloud*: For (said I) if Offenders cover their foule actions with inke, why should

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☞ *Sicut probis probitas ipsa est præmium: ita improbis nequitia ipsa est supplicium. Bo. de Consol. Philos.*

should not *justice* colour them with *bloud*? But as the *Scorpion* hath in her the remedy of her owne poyson, by natures secret infusion; so the evill man carrieth alwayes with him the punishment of his owne wickednesse, which never leaves to torment and afflict his surprized minde, both sleeping and waking: all which in numerous instances occurred to mee (if I could have made use of what was presented to mee) in the tragicke stories of *Appollodorus*, *Hipparchus*, *Pausanias*, and many others,

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others, recommended to the memory of approved Historians. Night by night was I startled with fearfull visions; presenting the persons of such as had received any cruell censure from mee. Yet did I sleight all these visions, as children dreames; the next day begot a new doom; the *Scene* wherein I acted, was ever *tragicall* to the Delinquent. Thus I raigned, ranged and raged, till mine eyes grew inflamed, my stomacke swolne up and puffed; my bloud, by too much familiariry with *Eris*, a waspish

*Lib.*4.

spish Sorceresse, infected. All out of temper; thus I continued for many moneths together: till your fame-spred Artist, to whose especiall care, and effectuall cure, wee were all commended, sought out the grounds of my distemper. Intollerable paine I suffered, yet was I scarce sensible of the causelesse which I suffered. All which time, hee omitted no opportunity to restore me to my selfe; who, howsoever I was seldome drunke, yet was I never *mine owne man*.

Nor did hee professe lesse Art

Art in *Chyrurgery* than *Phy-* *Lib.4.*
ſicke : for having by way of
inciſion opened mee, hee
tooke a *worme* out of my
gall ; the maineſt cauſe of
my diſtemper. Then hee ap-
plied Cupping-glaſſes to
coole and temper my braine ;
the heat whereof had ſo en-
raged mee, as no obiect,
were it never ſo pleaſing nor
eye-taking, could delight
mee. A Diet-drinke too, hee
prepared mee, well mixt with
the Soveraigne iuyce of *Me*
triot and *Euchraſia*, to re-
move thoſe *Pluriticall* ſtit-
ches, wherewith I was in-

Lib. 4. constantly annoyed: applying withall, *Oppian* Plaisters, with a proportionable quantity of the juyce of *Sunneidesis* infused to my stomacke, to repell those fearefull dreames, which so mightily start'ed and affrighted mee, as not one houres rest could secure mee, one minutes quiet solace mee. These receits by degrees brought mee to some little conceit or apprehension of mine owne distemper; So as, in short time I was suffered to walke abroad, and to refresh my crazie-consumed body with moderate

moderate recreation ; of which I was before debarred, being fast tied, and to such strict restraint confined, as I was neither permitted to take the benefit of the fresh ayre, nor to enjoy the society of any ; so intollerable was my rage, so boundlesse my fury. *Lib.*4.

And being now in good hope of recovery, which enlarged my late restraint to more liberty ; it hapned one day as I walked in a private Garden, purposely allotted mee (for each of us had our distinct walks, lest our di-

*Lib.*4.

stracted and distempered humours, upon our encountring one another, might beget some fearefull inconvenience) that in the lowest border of the Garden, I might see a curious Orbell, all of *Touch*, wherein the *Syracusan* tyrants were no lesse artfully portrayed, than their severall cruelties to life displayed: Nothing was omitted, to discover Tyranny in her owne naked feature; nor expresse cruelty in her truest nature. *Diamater*-wise on the other side of the Columne stood *Argestes* strucke with

*Lib.*4

with thunder, juſt as hee was pronouncing his bloudy cenſure.

Twice had I path'd my border-walke, when this Statue firſt preſented it ſelfe unto mee; yet with a ſlight and careleſſe eye I paſſed by it, as if the act of mine owne life had no relation at all unto it. But in the end, being alwayes in mine eye, which could not chuſe but convey ſome impreſſive conceit to mine heart; I beganne to diſcuſſe, by way of conjecture, the alluſive meaning of theſe Emblemes: which,

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after some more serious expostulation with mine owne thoughts, I returned in these words.

"What should this meane "*Vpotomos*? Dost thou feele "any shaking or shuddering "in thine owne flesh, that it "should intend any relation "to thy selfe? Eye thine "owne nature, and com- "pare it with the feature. "Say, say, *Vpotomos*, what "were these *Syracusan* ty- "rants? Cruell to their foes, "and scarce constant to their "friends. Exquisite for in- "venting torments to sate their

"their ruy, but unapt to in-
"cline their eare to a suit
"of mercy. Prone to spill,
"but slow to spare. Such,
"as never joyed but in
"a bloudy banquet. The
"Stage, where these acted
"their inhumane parts, was
"ever hung about with
"Blacks; their very private
"Arbours stucke with *Ebon*
"sprigges, to put them in
"minde of their blacke de-
"signes. But what are all
"these to thee? yes, *Vpoto-*
"*mos*, reflect upon thine
"owne inhumanity, and in
"these thou shalt finde thine

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" owne Anatomie. Their
" actions, with change only
" of *time* and *person*, were
" thine. Indeed, they were
" more eminent, because ad-
" vanced to an higher Orbe
" of government. But this
" lesseneth nothing thy guilt,
" but rather aggravates thy
" shame. The higher these
" were in honour, the more
" they had to follow their
" humour. The body of
" greatnesse never walkes
" without an extensive sha-
" dow. But thy command
" had no such boundier.
" Thy power was confined
" yet

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"yet to the higheit pin of ex-
"tremity ſcrewed. Read then
"thy ſelfe in this *Syracuſan*
"peice. But if this worke
"not effectually with thee,
"nor enforce thoſe *bloud-*
"*ſhot eyes* to view thy inſati-
"ate cruelty; then looke on
"that Statue of *Argeſtes.*
'Wherein obſerve his qua-
"lity and vocation; and
"thou ſhalt finde it to ſide
"with thine; his Caraſtro-
"phe and utter ruine, and be-
"ware it be not ſeconded by
"thine.

"*Polo* the Tragedian
"(whoſe living memory
breaths

*Lib.*4.

"breaths yet to posterity)
"acting the part of *Electra*
"upon the Stage, and being
"mournfully to bring in the
"bones of her brother *Ore-*
"*stes* in a Pot, he brought in
"the bones of his owne son
"lately buried, that the sight
"of them might wring forth
"true tears indeed, and by the
"passionate presentment of
"them, act it more famously.
"For objects of ocular pas-
"sion, cannot chuse but
"work in the Actors person.
"Apply this, *Vpotomos*,
"and that impartially; here
"thou seest thine owne life
acted

"acted in an Emblem. Let
"it worke so much true pas-
"sion in thee, as the fore-past
"memory of thy selfe may
"make thee hatefull to thy
"selfe. Let that which thou
"here seest occularly presen-
"ted, and to thy selfe proper-
"ly applied, become a motive
"to deterre thee from what
"thou formerly so much af-
"fected, an inducement to
"allure thee to what thou
"lately so much distasted;
"a wile to weane thee from
"what thou so dearly loved;
"a Lure to win thee to what
"thou so deeply loathed.

Delay

Lib.4.

"Delay may beget danger; "take hold then of opportu- "nity to prevent this danger.

Nor did I remit what my resolution had fixt: for so well had *Physicke* corrected mine humour; and so strongly had these *Emblemes* wrought on my conceit, as I forthwith disclaimed all familiarity with *Eris*, from whom arose the very first ground of mine unhappinesse. For her malitious nature it was, had corrupted my bloud, infected my vitall parts, and wholly estranged mee from the sensible feeling or compassionating the

Lib. 4.

the infirmities of man. Since the sleighting of whose favour, meerely proceeding from the correction of mine humour, I feele my selfe cleare changed, and quite of another temper: for I am turned all *Niobe*, so as my late relentles spirit is now resolved into teares; I can wish unto others as to my selfe: Commiserate others griefs, as if they had relation unto my selfe: truly imagining, that as I see the image of every man in my selfe, so I am to partake in their affections, as if they were presented in my selfe. This I conceit, nor shall any pleasing

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pleasing pride, sprung from the knowledge of mine owne weaknesse, make mee lesse cautious in shunning all occasion of falling into like infirmities.

Now *Elecmon*, to you I appeale, with whom friendly importunity is hopefull to prevaile; that as you are best acquainted with these passages by mee delivered, (seeing you attended on mee during my infirmity) so to relate to *Themista* the manner of my distemper, and grounds of my recovery.

To which *Elecmon* at the first

first seemed altogether unwilling, till long importunity had so wonne him, as addressing himselfe to *Themista*, in *Æsculapius* honour, hee related the circumstances of *Vpotomos* recovery, in this manner. *Lib.* 4.

Argument.

Elecmon *reports what apparant danger hee incurred, so long as* Vpotomos *was distempered: and in his recovery how much hee was comforted;*

Lib. 4.

ted, Hee holds the time bestowed on his attendance, to be a taske of incomparable happinesse: and his absolutest solace, to live and die in his service, Hee much feares his desire of retirement from affaires of State; Hee could wish therefore Themista, as shee tenders the fame and honour of her Court, to re-advance him to his former charge, which might conduce to the strength of the State, and her recovery.

POESY VI.

I Iust like Sea-tossed Port-encountred men,
Recount those dangers which secured them,
The num'rous Shelves, and fate-divining sands,
Their strange delivery from Pyrats hands;
So I now freed from danger, may relate
Those perils which environ'd mee of late.
See HIM, *whose boundlesse fury once as strong*
As any Tigresse *robbed of her young;*
Or like a raving Dogge, if any vext him,
Without distinction bit at him stood next him,
Till quite bereft of reason, sense and braines,
Depriv'd of Liberty, confin'd to Chaines,
Hee might not feed of common aire, nor eye
That glorious Sunne which cheeres mortality!
I brought him still to bed, and up againe,
And to afford him ease, refus'd no paine.
The ranke distemper of his strong disease
I strove to curbe, his fury to appease:
Thus grapled I with danger, to allay
What Art and Physicke now hath ta'ne away.
Nor am I lesse cheer'd in's recovery,
Than griefe enthrall'd through his infirmities.

"The darker that our Criticke dayes appeare,
"When Sunne shuts out, doe ever shine most cleare.
For now I hold the time which I bestow'd
On his attendance (for so much I ow'd)
To be a taske of higher happinesse,
Than I in outward accents may expresse.
Nor can there be more solace, still say I,
The in his service both to live and die.
For lo! how his affections are dispos'd?
How sweetly temper'd, and how well compos'd!
His boundlesse fury now h'as lost her sting,
Triumphing in a glorious suffering
Of injuries; which his conceiving heart
Beares for improvement of his better part.
His sole desires on goodnesse grounded are;
His patience crown'd; none in his wrongs must share;
While he disvalues with a smiling please
The pressing burden of his injuries.
How sensibly it grieves him to retaine
The mem'ry of Delinquents hee hath slaine
By tyrannizing censure! which appeares
By this, "No minute but affords some teares.
No walks but private solitary Groves
Shut from frequent; his Contemplation loves;
No Treatise nor discourse so sweetly please
As sacred-secret soule Soliloquies.

No

No other resolution he retaines
Then what proceeds from firme and setled braines;
Nor is there ought w'ich can distaste him more
Than to affect what he admir'd before. (tempests send
"Th' Even crownes the day; cleare Mornes may
"And Comick showes may have a Tragicke end:
But th' sentence is inverted quite with him,
Whose blossomes ever were lesse promising
In's youth, which his distemper'd boundlesse rage
Brings to mature perfection *in his age.*
Those choice chiefe vertues which adorne a State,
Should I with Moralists enumerate,
I might conclude Upotomos *his brest*
The Cabbinet, where rarest vertues rest:
Confirm'd by his aversion from those
Who stile them vices friends, but vertues foes.
But much I feare hee ha's a fixt desire
From State-affaires in private to retire;
Which to prevent, Themista, *as you tender*
Your fam'd-Courts honour, and her ancient splendor,
So re-advance him to his former place,
And cheere his griefe with proffer of your grace:
Which may conduce to make the world knowne
Unto your trophies, triumphs and renowne:
For a more knowing Sage you cannot crave,
To store a State with what a State should have.

Argument.

Themista *in this discourse of* Vpotomos, *conceiveth no small pleasure; She wonders at the strange alteration of his temper; Shee cals* Amerimnos *to come before her: Whom her servant* Euphorbus *found sometime sleeping in a corner; Hee acquaints her, how his decayed memory is restored; his dull and unactive spirits revived. Hee appeales to* Epimedes, *to deliver his opinion to his Soveraigneſſe* Themista, *personally, and positively touching his nature, temper and recovery*

PROSE

*Lib.*4

PROSE V.

QVeſtionleſſe (ſaid *Themiſta*) under favour, this is not *Vpotomos*, whom you deſcribe after this manner. Can a relentleſſe diſpoſition bee ſo ſoone tamed, as to affect what hee before ſo mortally hated? Who would not conceive infinit pleaſure in the alteration of ſuch a temper? What a glorious liberty that infranchiſed mind enjoyes, who puts off man to *converſe more freely with* heaven? But if wee muſt beleeve

Lib.4.

leeve *Vpotomos* nature to bee thus altered, wee would faine know where his old condition is now seated. Sure, if that ancient *Pythagorean* opinion hold firme, that there is a *transmigration of soules* into *other bodies*, there is some body much distempered with his humour: having either left what hee had unto another, or made an exchange with anothers nature. But happy is such a losse, which brings the Loser gaine! Precious such a change, which admits no change, but to the Republike

like a constant choice! Redoubled is our joy, to re-possesse what our conceit had utterly lost: and to finde in him whom wee held for lost, what wee before all others incomparably prize.

But let us not forget our last Consul, though (perchance) *security* hath made him to forget himselfe.

Which said, shee cals *Amerimnos* to come before her, whom her servant *Euphorbus* had sometimes found sleeping in a corner: whom shee no sooner beheld approaching towards her pre-

Lib. 4.

lence, then ſhee thus accoaſted him.

Amerimnos, wee ſhould willingly addreſſe our diſcourſe unto you, all the better to ſatisfie our ſelves how thoſe artfull experiments have wrought with you; which have already produced ſuch admirable effects in the reſt of our *Conſuls*, who laboured of no leſſe dangerous diſtemper than your ſelfe. But much wee doubt your drouſie attention would dampe our diſcourſe with a ſleepie concluſion. Much like that over-

watcht

watcht Epicureall Statilt, who being to give his opinion in a buſineſſe of high conſequence, betwixt *Plaintiffe* and *Defendant*, but ſlept all the time it was in pleading; as one ſuddenly awakt, but unprepared of a diſcreeter anſwer; return'd his opinion in the ſelfe-ſame Element, whereof hee had probably dreamed, in this manner: *All* Cumæa *ba's not a piece of ſounder Raſie wine.* *Lib.* 4.

This ſmooth, but ſmart conceit, cauſed all ſuch as were there preſent to bite the lip, but with a ſecret ſilent ſmile

*Lib.*4.

smile to passe the jest over, for the reverence of their Soveraignnesse, and civill feare, lest they might dash *Amerimnos* out of countenance. But hee little amated, though conscious enough of the quicknesse of the conceit, with a decent and well-

[illegible], after three low Congies made to her *Honour*, delivered his minde in these expressions unto her.

It is said of the silk-worme (Madam) that shee surceaseth from spinning for certaine dayes together, that she might after so retired a rest,

spinne

Lib. 4.

ſpinne the better. And Charity will judge that I have *ſlept* all this time, purpoſely to *watch* the longer.

Though *Endimion* kiſſed *Luna* on *Latmos* Mount, and for a long time [illegible] together ſlept in [illegible] nap, yet did this ſleepy Swaine at laſt returne to his flocke, and redeeme the time by redoubling his care, which his ſecurity had loſt.

Hee made recourſe to [illegible] Mount, to know the courſe of the Moone.

I confeſſe, Madam, the whole Progreſſe of my life, hath been a continued ſleepe. Nothing was ever more oppoſite to my nature, than to impoſe my ſelfe a taske, or ſome

Lib. 4.

some diurnall labour. Long Epicurecall feasts were my onely delightfull repasts; my sole taske was to please my taste; which made mee ofttimes sleep, when I should have watched for the publike State: So as, those very *Geese*, who with their gagling preserved the *Capitoll*, were more praise worthy in their generation, than the security of my remisse and state retired condition. In cases of *Iudicature*, such as were of necessity to make repaire to my *Bench*, sticked not to say that they came thither as to a *Lottery*; for

Lib. 4.

tor caules were there determined at haphazzard, not by equity. For as Lawyers pleaded, while I ſlept and heard not; ſo awaking I gave ſentence in what I underſtood not. In a word, the whole State both of my minde and body was grievouſly diſtempered. For though mine *appetite* increaſed, my *digeſtion* failed; my *judgement* became weakned; my *memory* decayed; and the whole *fabrike* of this *little man* fearefully languiſhed. All which *Æſculapius*, that inimitable Artiſt no leſſe obſerved

Lib. 4.

observed, and by your *Graces* direction, seasonably prevented. For first, hee regulates mee to a prescript diet, with *Elixir'd* broaths every morning to sharpen mine understanding; Hee prepares me next, *Antiopian* plaisters to keepe mee the afternoone awaking; After these, *Epimeleian* julips laid warme to my temples; which with fumes of strong liquor, were ever aching. These applied, hee injoyned me to abstaine from all strong drinkes, and (what was most averse from mine hydroptick

hydropick nature) never to drinke betwixt meales, but with my *Teeth shut*. Which prescription I no lesse cunningly eluded than evaded, for I practised with a profest Tooth-drawer, to pull me out two of my broadest teeth: by meanes whereof, and the benefit of a Cane though my teeth were shut, to observe his direction, I plenteously flowed in mine afternoones poration. Hee provides too a Night Cappe strongly chafed with the *Lemnian* powder of *Cornucopia*; purposely to make my sleepes *Lib.* 4.

*Lib.*4.

sleepes shorter, and my conceit stronger. And because hee found by my Vrine, and other soporiferous symptomes, that my kidneye were overlarded with oyle of *Dormise* (whose society I ever so much affected, as I admired their condition) by meanes of Sweatings and Suffumigations, hee extracted all those viscid and oyly humours.

By meanes of these receits so physically applied, I begun to have some little feeling of my selfe; and to hold up my head, which before, like a perpetuall

perpetuall *Penthouse*, hung drilling and dropping o're my breſt, leaving ever ſome *aſperſions* on my *venerable* skirts. My Phyſitian, who never tyrannized over his Patients, but upon their recovery, enlarged their reſtraint, to ſolace their weakned ſpirits with a diſcreet liberty; gave directions to my Keeper, that I ſhould take the aire, and refreſh mine over-waſted, and wearied body with ſome temperate recreation. This granted me, and walking one day in a delightfull Spinet, beautified

*Lib.*4.

with shady *Poplars*, I might see a curious peece of antique worke, seemingly cut out of a naturall rocke, and over-growne with *Ivie*, to prove her antiquity. The Device was this; An aged man, bearing the name of *Silenus*, sleeping in a Cave, matted round with Mosse; round about him were shadowed fruits of all kinds; and below him silver springs flowing with delicious liquours; yet still so desirous seemed hee of rest, and so infinitely addicted to sleepe, as hee would not so much as

as heave up his head either to thoſe luſcious fruits, that grew ſo delightfully dangling above him, nor incline it to thoſe delicious liquours that flowed ſo plenteouſly playing under him. Neare to this Cave was portrayed a ſpeckled *Aſpick*, with a winding-circling pace, creeping towards him, and ſhooting out his venomous ſting to wound him; which an induſtrious *Emmet* obſerving, ſeeks to prevent, by awaking him with a gentle touch, to preſerve him from the *Aſpicks* mortall ſting.

*Lib.*4.

Long I muſed on the depth of this Embleme; wherein I found ſuch intricacy, the more I dived into it, the ſhorter I came of it. Till one morning (whom wee no leſſe truly than properly call the Muſes Minion, the conceits pregnanteſt Darling) expoſtulating with my ſelfe no leſſe ſeriouſly than ſecretly, what this might meane; I fell into a parley with mine owne thoughts, which I digeſted and dilivered in this ſort.

"Awake, *Amerimnos*, for thou ſeeſt here *Silenus* (and in

"in him thine owne Em-
"bleme) long ſince awaked.
"How ! *Silenus !* in a Cave
"ſleeping, with fruits grow-
"ing above him; Fountaines
"flowing under him ; an
"*Aſpick* creeping towards
"him ; and a wary *Emmet*
"with a friendly ſmart awa-
"king him ! What may all
"this meane ? Thou canſt
"not ſee thy ſelfe, *Amerim-*
"*nos*, but thou muſt needs
"underſtand it.

"*Silenus*, that mirrour of
"*Security*, whoſe whole life
"was an inceſſant ſleepe ;
"whoſe Cave was his Com-

Lib. 4.

"mon-weale; and whose
"sole delight was in a sensu-
"lesse surfet.

"*Silenus*, who neither
"thought of combustions
"abroad, nor factions at
"home; desiring nothing
"more than to fare well
"without care taking; reape
"without labouring; live
"without loathing; enjoy
"without suffering.

"Now reflect upon thy
"selfe, *Amerimnos*, and see
"what affinity thou hast
"with *Silenus*! What hast
"thou done but spent thy
"time in a careless slumber?

"how

Lib. 4

" how remisse in thy charge? " how respectlesse of thine " honour? Didst thou ever " (to unrivet this Embleme) " partake of those *rich fruits* " growing above thee; State- " affaires, employments of " publike safety? Or sip of " those *Chrystall-gliding Ri-* " *volets* flowing under thee, " those Low Rils, humble " soules, objects of compas- " sion and pity? No; thes " were estranged from thee; " thy onely taske was fruit- " lesse *security*. Thus thou " slept, while the subtill *As-* " *pick* takes advantage on

*Lib.*4.

" thy mis-employed privacy.
" For loe! with a snakie pace
" hee drawes towards thee,
" purposely to sting thee, and
" that mortally: did not the
" *Emmet* (that native Em-
" bleme of industry) with a
" friendly remembrance raise
" and rouze thee. Make use
" of this then to thy benefit,
" lest by neglecting the op-
" portunity offered, thou be-
" come irreparably lost and
" ruined. Which, the better
" to effect, make industry
" thine Harbinger; Tempe-
" rance thy Caterer; Mode-
" ration thy Monitor: so

shalt

*Lib.*4.

"ſhalt thou not onely re-
"deeme the time thou haſt
"loſt ; but beſtow the re-
"mainder that is left, to the
"benefit of the State, and
"improvement of thine ho-
"nour.

Nor did the impreſſion of this Embleme work on mee, as other Preſentments uſually doe ;. which, as in eying objects in a glaſſe, are no ſooner left than loſt : for as by thoſe *Receits* formerly applyed, my decayed memory became reſtored ; my dull and unactive ſpirits revived ; my love to employment inflamed ;

Lib. 4.

flamed: so the sight of that *Embleme* hath so powerfully wrought on my thoughts, as I am resolved (nor doe I feare but Heaven will ever breath on such divine resolves) with this small remainder of dayes that are left, to redeeme the time I have lost. For I hold nothing lesse seemely than one who is ancient in yeares, and hath no other argument to shew for his age, but his yeares. This then, seeing practise is the life of knowledge, shall be my Position. "No day without a line; no line

line without a rule, This my coucluſion: "I could wiſh, that as I ſpent my former time in ſleepe, I might now addreſſe mee to continuate action without ſleepe: if it might ſtand with the conſervation of nature, without reſt to endure labour.

But modeſty bids mee to bee ſpare in mine owne approvement, being to receive life and light, not from ours but others judgement. I appeale then to *Epimeles*, to deliver his opinion to you my Soveraigneſſe, perſonally, poſitively, and impartially, touching

*Lib.*4.

touching my nature, temper, and recovery.

Argument.

Epimeles *appointed* Amerimnos *Keeper, declares what long sleeps hee had before hee could bee awakt, during his distemper; how shortly after his recovery, hee was a Cocke to all the family; Lastly, in all submission upon reflex had to his diligence and discretion, hee holds* Amerimnos *service not any way derogating from* Themista's *reputation.*

POESIE VII.

NAture bids us ſleepe and wake,
Amerimnos did not thus,
Hee a laſting nap would take,
And to ſleepe confine his bliſſe:
Long continued were his dreames,
Vices ever hunt extreames.

In a ſilent ſhadie Bower,
Uſually would hee repoſe,
Clad with ſweet-breath'd Sycomour,
Chaf'd with buds of Damaske Roſe:
Where ſecure, hee quite forgate
Both his owne and publike State.

Till of late by ſecret art
And inimitable skill,
His Phyſitian did impart
Such a promptneſſe to his will,
As 'tis rare what hee attempts
By his rich experements.

For

Lib. 4.

For restor'd security
From all businesse estrang'd,
Ranking now with industry
Is to vigilancie chang'd:
Crane *nor* Hinde *can either bee*
Watchfuller in Launes, than hee.

Resty and unactive once
Was his body Earth-oppresst,
Clotted was his aged sconce,
For employment now addresst:
For since his recovery,
Hee's a Cocke to th' family.

Lastly, lowly with submission,
And reflex to diligence,
I doe hold that his discretion,
Constance service, vigilance
Shall no way detract but suite
With Themista's *high repute.*

Argu-

Argument.

Themiſta *with a Princely affectionate grace receives her late diſtempered, but now recovered* Conſuls *into her favour: and recalling* Partheni-us *from exile, creates him prime Conſul. Shee gives the* CHARGE; *wherein ſhe declares what the* State *requires at their hands; and how they may advance their Countreyes glory by this their reſtauration and recovery; Cloſing, ſhee vowes to erect a laſting Trophy to* Æſculapius *memory.*

An

An Epitome of the whole.

This Section trencheth mainly upon these two Subjects;

The CONSVLS CHARGE,
With
THEMISTA'S TRIVMPH;

In the expression of her *Consuls* recovery and restauration.

With PARTHENIVS his reduction from exile and reauguration.

PROSE VII.

CLouds so clearly dispersed; distempers, so soundly cured joyes so unexpectedly rendred

dred (laid *Themista*) cannot chuſe but worke ſtrange effects upon our conceit. For as griefes beforethought leſſen their burden; ſo griefes reduced to joyes, tranſport our affection. To finde what probability tels us wee may finde, can never overjoy us; but to finde what all poſſibility diſcourageth us to finde, muſt needs infinitely intrance us.

Which ſpoke, with a Princely affectionate grace, ſhee received her late diſtempered, but now recovered *Conſuls* into her favour: conferring

Lib. 4. *Eò N. vganti ſi p.r-tus gra.ior, quò tractus maris periculoſi r.* Niobis *effi-ies.* 8.

Lib. 4.

upon them, according to their distinct qualities, distinct honours. Which conferred, making a sudden stop, as if somewhat had beene left undone, which she intended, shee unfolded her resolves in this sort.

Wee have read (quoth she) that an experienced Generall is worth a whole Army; an expert Mariner the succour of a Navie; a discreet Master the honour of his Family. Yea, that an Army of Harts with a Lion to their Leader, is better than an Army of Lions with an Hart to their

their Commander. Leſt therfore, you my revived *Conſuls*, ſhould like the Bird *Ibis*, receive the excrement you have egeſted, by returning to the *vomit* you have relinquiſhed, our purpoſe is to recall our truſty and welbeloved *Parthenius* from exile, where hee hath beene too long derained; and to create him *Prime-Conſul*, as his actions have ever merited: ſeeing his defence of goodneſſe was the onely cauſe hee became proſcribed. *Lib.* 4.

Which directions given, that hee ſhould bee forth-

*Lib.*4. with called home, to the end, her late-reformed *Senators* might bee better informed, and in their good reſolves confirmed; with a graceſull reverend aſpect mounting her judiciall Throne (having firſt commanded *Cletor* the Pretorian Cryer, with three O's Acc to command ſilence) ſhee addreſſed herſelfe to a publike prepared CHARGE, in the aſſembly of her *Conſuls*, with an huge confluence of other *Plebeians*, after this manner.

It is not unknowne (grave Iuſti-

Iuſticiaries) how upon our eſpeciall truſt repoſed in you, wee did ſometimes make choice of you to bee of our *Commiſsion*, to execute juſtice, and to doe your Country & us all faithfull ſervice. But how remiſſe you were in your Care, how neglectfull of your Charge, wee will not here relate: for it ſhall bee our glory to ſee our periſhing hopes revive in your recovery. But what is it to ſuffer inciſion, corroding powders, or experiments above humane ſufferings; and through diſtemper to make

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all theſe receits uſeleſſe, by giving free iſſue to thoſe rancorous wounds, which before were cloſed. If Statues bee not daily wiped, they will with duſt become blemiſhed: ſo, if thoſe impreſſures of manly vertues, which you now ſeemingly retaine, bee not afreſh revived, and by all induſtrious meanes preſerved, your glory will become darkned, your memory obſcured.

You hold it unſeemly to ſtampe your Princes image in baſe mettall: And what leſſe doe you, when you ſtaine

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ſtaine our pureſt robes of *juſtice*, with your impureſt actions? O my Patritians; ſhould you but conſider how much wee tender our honour, which receives not her beauty from any outward luſtre, but from the inward purity of her divineſt nature; no doubt but you would ſuffer the worſt of all extreames, before you would incline by the crooked line of your actions, to blemiſh ſo royall and reall a beauty. Yea, ſhould you but thinke in what neare obligements you ſtand engaged to

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our bounty, from whence, after your *first-being*, you have received your *well-being*; no doubt but you would ingenuously agnize (if thankfulnesse retained the least touch or tincture in you) that you stood more bound to our *Grace* for your *breeding*, than to your naturall Parents for your *first-being*. For if any one love his carnall father, from whom hee onely had a mortall body, how much ought hee to love such an one, from whom hee shall receive immortall glory? If so much a mother, who brought

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brought him a man full of miſeries into this world; how much more one, who ſhall conduct him full of joyes into another world? If ſo much your carnall brethren, who by partaking with you in an earthly inheritance, make you poorer; how much more one, who by conferring on you an heavenly inheritance, ſhall make you richer? If ſo much a ſonne, for whom you ſo much labour, not knowing whether you may perfect ought in him that may deſerve your favour; or whether

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ther hee will hereafter reverence you as a father; or whether he will oppose you, or render evill unto you for the good hee hath received from you; how much more one, who will eternally reward & recompence you, for a few houres service received from you? If so much a Wife, who (perchance) loves another better than you; how much more such an one, who will never estrange her from that love shee beares you? For us, you are especially to love, without whom no civill society can either subsist or live.

liue. All which may bee eaſily proued by this neceſſary conſequence. For if you loue him ſo much, who beſtoweth a portion of his eſtate on you; how much more ſuch an one, who could finde in his heart to leaue friends and kinsfolks, and to goe into a ſtrange Countrey; yea, to engage their owne body to gaine you liberty? Now haue not wee expreſſed our loue amply in arguments of this nature? Haue wee not left our owne native Countrey (thoſe beauteous Manſions of *Aſtræas* glory) for your ſuccour,

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ſuccour, ſafety and ſecurity? Have you not recovered through us, what you had once loſt; to the end you might become happy through that, which you valued leaſt? But wee will not upbraid you with our courteſies; bee it your care now after the diſpatch of your cure, that this *judiciall place*, whereto you are now reſtored, may bee by your actions dignified; the *pulike State*, where you are deputed, rectified; and your many neglected houres, with a numerous ſupply of vertues, care-

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carefully redeemed, which the better to effect, two things bee solely necessary: an *unspotted conscience* towards your selves; and an *untainted fame* in respect of others. By which meanes, you may not onely redeeme time, but improve your own fame, to the imitable example of others.

Nothing, you know, more precious than time; yet what more disvalued? Nothing more perillous than neglect of opportunity; yet how easily incurred? Bee the expence then of your houres

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houres, your constanteſt cares. And becauſe medicines ever worke beſt by their contraries; and vices are ever beſt cured by their contrary vertues: Whatſoever you ſhall finde in you irregular, prevent the growth by a ſeaſonable remover. Vices can never poſſibly bee cured, unleſſe they bee curbed: nor ever ſupplanted, unleſſe they bee timely weeded. Which the better to effect, it ſhall be now out task briefly and plainly to addreſſe our diſcourſe to each of you in particular; that by a more free

free ſurvey or diſcovery of your nature, you may become Maſters of your owne paſſions, and better rectifiers of your errours.

And to you firſt, *Metoxos*, (to obſerve order) whoſe very name renders *partiality*, a vice whereto you have been addicted naturally. *Lyſanders* ſaying was this, *Children muſt bee deceived by Dice and Blanks, men by oaths.* Now Sir, open your owne naked boſome, and there examine your ſelfe, how your behaviour hath beene in the management of your place! How

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How many have you deluded with promises; nay, seconded those bare promises with bold oaths, that you would stand for them in the justnesse of their cause, by defending them against the enmitie of powerfull Opponents? But how soone were those golden promises dissolved, when apparent hope of reward was presented? So prevalent was the power of gaine, as it caused innocencie to give place to guilt. Now reflect upon this, *Metoxos*, with your cleare eyes; for before they were bleared

bleared with rewards : and ſtretch out your hand to the releefe of the poore, but draw it in from receit of bribes. And take ever along with you thoſe two ſayings of two grave Sages ; "*Doe nothing for love of money*: and, "*Staine not juſtice with partiality*. What untimely, but deſerving fates, ſome, even of your *Profeſſion* have encountred, whoſe tongues were tipt with gold, and made gaine their goale ; might bee inſtanced in ſundry Perſonages of eminent ranke, but ignominious life. Some

Periand. Senec.

O whereof

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whereof have beene suddenly stabbed; others privately strangled; others openly pistoled by their injured Plaintiffes, whose unredressed wrongs winged their enraged fury with too speedy revenge. Nor were these scarce bemoaned while they perished. And of these our Roman Annals are plenteous in examples. Amongst which, nothing more bloudy than that slaughter which was made by the Germans upon their revolt from the Roman Empire, through the Woods and Marishes; nothing more intol-

intollerable than the insultings of the barbarous, specially (to instance the evenging aimes of popular fury) against the Pleaders at the Barre, plucking out the eyes of some, and lopping off the hands of otherſome; one had his mouth ſtitcht up, after his tongue was firſt cut out, which the ſavage Actor graſping in his hand, ſaid to it; *Thou Viper, at laſt give over hiſſing.* So implacable was the fury of a barbarous Nation, upon innovation of government, againſt perſons of your profeſſion. Which,

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as it is an honour to that State, where *justice* is equally administred; so it detracts from her, where *partiality* is priviledged.

But admit, these forraine instances should not worke strongly enough upon your conceit, *Metoxos*; Draw homeward, by recalling to minde that tragicke Story of *Sisambres*, so musically descanted by *Harmonius*: with those pleasing Pæans of thankfulnesse delivered by *Isotes*.

Now to you, *Epimonas*, whose very name displayes your

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your *pertinacious* nature; be never so tied to your owne opinion, as to avert your care from reason. How can hee ever possibly improve himselfe, who shuts his attention from all but himselfe? To what purpose were Counsels or Assemblies of State, if one mans private opinion should bee onely delivered, and all others silenced? Learne then (for this lesson will infinitely profit you) to submit your selfe to others judgement, to humble your selfe in others approvement; for so

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by hearing others, you may become enabled in that wherein you are naturally most deficient. Nor will it bee amisse, while others read *Books*, for you to read *Men*; even that unhappiest of men, *M Cælius*, so passionately described by *Harmonius*: with those soule-reviving Epods of your *Epieicies*.

For you, *Vperephanos*, whose *Name* suted well with your *thoughts*; as your cure seemed to us of greatest difficulty, so you give us no lesse occasion to joy in your recovery. The foolish are ever

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ever taken moſt with arrogance and applauſe; and ſuch was your condition. Whoſe unconfined greatneſſe could not want his parallel ſhadowes to follow it. But theſe deceitfull Sycophants, who make pretences Employers of all their ſenſes, are not unlike the Herbe *Sardonius*, of which *Solinus* reports, that it maketh the eaters thereof to looke as if they laughed, but in laughing die. Properly may wee ſtile them Brokers of old ſtuffe, or Barterers of contemptible ware: who ſell

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their Maſters at any rate for their owne advantage. *Antiſthenes* ſaid truly of them, that it was better to fall into the clawes of Ravens, than ſuch tame Rooks: for Ravens feed onely upon dead Carkaſſes, but flatterers upon living men. *Alexander Severus* (a great enemy to theſe) cauſed his corrupt Courtier *Turinus* in the open Market to be faſtned to a ſtake, and and ſtifled with ſmoke; the Cryer thus crying to the people, *Let him periſh with that bee ſold to the Pariſh.* So dealt *Dionyſius* with his *Damocles*,

mocles, by ever putting him in perill of his life; leſt his perillous practiſes ſhould endanger the State. *Lib. 4.*

But a kinde Phyſitian ever contends with the *diſeaſe*, but never conteſts with his *Patient*; beware of theſe, *Vperephanos*; you are now ſet againe on your feet: for inclining to them may bring you to an untimely fate. "*Deere* are ever moſt fearfull in their beſt Laires: doe not in the fatneſſe of your eſtate feed them, leſt they feed on you, whoſe immeriting favour did firſt raiſe them. Lay aſide

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aside the presence of contempt and disdaine ; put on an affable and humble countenance ; bee full of comfort to an oppressed Client : So shall these honours re-conferred on you, become permanent. Envie, the soules impostume, eating up the heart and marrow of her Master, let it never nestle in your bosome : Rejoyce ever in others risings ; so may princely compassion steere your course, and shield you from ruine. In a word, demeane your selfe thus, and good men will love you ; the

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the evill ſtand in feare of you; and the whole State, upon acknowledgement of your integrity, honour you. Meanetime, bee not forgetfull of the heavie fate of *Pytheas*, ſo pithily chanted by *Harmonius*: which, if it taſte of too much heavineſſe, allay it with thoſe divine aires of your *Tapeinos*.

For you, *Meilixos*, whoſe very *name* reſolves it ſelfe into *Puſillanimity*, the onely ground of your infirmity, raiſe your ſelfe from earth, and eye the place to which you are advanced. The *Quaile*

(a

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(a bird on whose nature reflect sundry mysterious Emblemes) as hee flies over the Sea, feeling himselfe beginne to bee weary, lights by the way into the Sea: then lying at one side, hee layes downe one wing upon the water, and holds up the other wing towards Heaven: lest hee should presume to take too long a flight at the first, hee wets one wing: lest hee should despaire of taking a new flight afterwards, hee keepes the other wing drie. Apply the morall to your selfe; so shall you neither faint

faint too much, by diſtruſting your weakneſſe: nor pride your ſelfe too much in the diſcharge of this publike ſervice. Which done, as wee are confident of you, ſo ſhall you finde us none of thoſe unthankfull ones, to ſucke your milke like Mules, and then to kicke you with our heeles. Wee know well how to beſtow our favour to the proportionable merit of every ones labour. Looke up cheerfully then *Meilixos*! Let not an imperious *Grande*, who ſets his face in his ruffe; knits his browes; and with winks

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winks and nods deciphers his command, over-awe you; nor make your tongue falter in pronouncing his distastefull censure. For in any Cause wherein you desire to please us, you are not to feare evill men; whose course hath beene ever opposite unto us.

Thales compared *Lawes* to *Spider-webs*: but such are ever to bee spunne in a corrupt State. Ours are * *Speaking Lawes*, that dare tax a Delinquent, bee hee never so potent. And herein shew your resolution: that our *State* may

* Ἐμψυχον-νομον.

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may see you truly changed, and worthy the supportance of that charge wherein you are entrusted. But especially retaine in minde the sad Story of *Melotes*, sung so lately to you in such apt measures by *Harmonius*: whose pensive straines you may sweeten with those musicall measures, of *Iscuros*.

Now, for you, *Vpotomos*, in whose very *Name* was portrayed the *rough* Scene of your life; and whose steeled heart could sometimes, like a *Spring-locke*, shut it selfe, but never open to the least though,

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thought of compassion: as you have got a *Niobe* in your eye, and a *Philomels* thorne to your brest: So addresse your selfe to mercy, and never hereafter give receit to cruelty.

Demosthenes being demanded what men had, that most resembled God? He answered, *To be charitable, and embrace the truth.* Retaine in you this resemblance, so shall your place receive more honour from you, than you from it. For as *justice* is (as all other vertues be) a meane betwixt two extreames; *Lenity*

nity & Severity: So we rather incline to his censure, who mixeth *justice* with *favour*, than his, who thundreth nothing but *Iudgement & Rigor*. O how hatefull hath the very name of *Cruelty* bin in all ages! Which, howsoever some Parasites, for the Tyrants sake, have sometimes applauded, they as soon cõdemned? *Antiochus* was at one time saluted Ἐπιφανης and Ἐπιμανης, a glorious Prince, and a furious Tyrant. And *Plutarch* reporteth, that when *Dionysius* the Tyrant, asked the Wise men of his Court which Copper was the best; *Antiphon* answered *Lib.4.*

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swered very readily, that in his opinion that was the most excellent, whereof the Athenians had made the Pictures of the two Tyrants, * *Armodius* and *Aristogiton*: implying, that their Statues were to bee preferred before their Persons; their Buriall before their Government.

There is nothing that may more highly content us, than to see the members of our * family, affably pleasing, seasonably thriving, prosperously succeeding, mildly reproving.

Yea, know *Vpotomos*, that it

* Others report, that two Statues were erected in honour of these two Persons, for doing their Countrey such good service, as ridding her from the unsufferable tyranny of *Pisistratus*.

* *Nostra sit familia candide jucunda, conditè secunda, prosperè fœcunda, modicè iracunda, Critol Occonom.*

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it is the part of a good man, to bee able to say, that hee hath rather spared, where he might have spilled; than to have spilled, where he might have spared. Especially, where good natures are brought on the Stage, who are commonly wonne more by clemency, than severity; by affabilit y and favour, than extremity and rigour. Put on then a more lovely looke; suit your selfe with a more lightsome dresse. Shew lesse fire in your eye; lesse fury in your heart. Estrange your selfe from the company of

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Eris; Inure your memory to the censorious fate of *Æacus*, so lively chanted by *Harmonius*: Ever now and then refreshing your rectified disposition with those free and friendly expressions of *Elecmon*.

Lastly, to you *Amerimnos*, a drowsie *name* for a watchfull Centinell; whose secure sleepe would have ruined the most flourishing State. After so long a sleepe, you must now prepare your selfe for as long a Watch. Better were it never to enjoy life, than to make life a continued

nued image of death. Now *sleepe* & *death* are termed *two sisters*; and *Night* the *Mother* of them both. The Poet called one of the *sonnes* of sleep, *Phobetor*, a terrifier of men. What then might you be stiled, *Amerimnos*, whose sole felicity was security; and in a lasting dreame, summed up the dayes of your mortality? What was this else, but to make a trifle of time; and to bestow the precious oyle of your life, on the fruitlesse delights of Sloth? Much better it were not to be, than fruitlesly to bee. But where Lib. 4

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the Evening can make no good account of the day, Youth must needs runne in great arrerages with Age. Now, such an one may more properly be said to have slept a long sleepe, than to have led a long life. For what should life bee but a continued day-taske? Where, as eternity depends on a moment; so should this moment of time ever addresse it selfe to eternity. For know, howsoever this temporall Sunne which you here see with your eyes; and directs you in your journals and wayes,

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wayes, after it hath set, may rise againe: yet when the Sunne of your life shall once set, never looke for a rising of it here againe: being once closed, it becomes for ever to this life darkned and benighted. Time lost cannot then bee redeemed; nor the fruitlesse expence of your profuser houres regained.

It is said of *Demonax*, a Philosopher who flourished in the time of *Adrian*, that he naturally eschewed *money* and *solitarinesse*: which wee never remember, but wee wish that *Metoxos* our first Consul,

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Consul, and you *Amerimnos* the last in order, had equally partaked of his nature: that as disesteeme of the one might have begotten in *him* an hate to covetousnesse; so your dislike of the other might sharpen your desires to a love of businesse.

But as in him and the rest, so in you, *Amerimnos*, bee our wishes crowned; for wee see your desires how much they are to employment enflamed; and how your late unactive spirits become now quickned. Nor doe wee doubt, but that these good resolves

reſolves by your conſtant endeavours, will grow ſo richly improved, as wee ſhall have cauſe to apply the ſaying of that famous Athenian to you; *You had periſhed, had you not periſhed.* For as his youth was expoſed to all ſenſuality, wantonneſſe and libertie, ſo hee excelled in the maturitie of his time, in policie, martiall proweſſe and vertue.

Bee it then your honour to ſhunne whatſoever may redound to your diſhonour. Neglect no opportunitie, whereby you may any way benefit

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benefit the state. Apply your selfe to that publike service; the discharge whereof may produce in you incomparable solace. Make choice onely of such for your acquaintance, where you have hope either to better them, or to be bettered by them. And be not too familiarly versed in the works of *Aristomachus*: they treat too much of Wine, but too little of wit. Lastly, remember that fearefull distemper of *Messala Corvinus*, with the dishonour of lazie *Margites*, rendred in that dainty Canto of *Harmonius*:

which

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which you may discreetly temper with those industri ous dimensions of *Epimeles*.

Now, as out of our Princely and affectionate grace, we have received you our late distempered, but now recovered *Consuls*, into our favour: and here given you in CHARGE, how you are to demeane your selves in affaires of *State*; with a free declaration of what the *State* requires at your hands: and justified withall, upon all and every such particular defects, whereto you were formerly subject: so now our exhortation

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tation shall bee, that you bee cautious of a relapse. And to the end you may lesse erre in your affaires, ever submit your selves to the discreet advice of *Parthenius*; whom I have purposely placed over you, not onely in matters of doubt and difficulty to resolve you, but in all your deportments of State, to informe you. Experience is a good Mistresse; and so anciently and irreproveably hath hee borne himselfe in businesse of State, wherin we have ever employed him, (till in our absence some Libertines

tines of our time had exiled him) to his honour, and our improvement; as none ever yet knew him, were they never such rigid Censors of others actions, who could justly tax him, either of *partiality* to friend, or *passion* towards his foe. Receive him then; for it shall not derogate from your *wisdomes* to have embraced such a *Patriot*, who makes the publike good his highest object.

It is the highest glory of a flourishing State, to reward a deserving *Patriot*.

Now, whereas wee have here set you as Beacons or Watch-towers to foresee danger from a farre, and timely

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timely to prevent it before it come to our doores, you are hence to understand, how all mens eyes are on you; and how light errours in you are most irregular, because exemplar.

Drops are but small things, yet joyned together, they will in time rise to a River. Graines of Sand are but small bodies, yet if much Sand bee heaped together, it not onely presseth, but oppresseth the under-lyer. Yee say, you have avoided grand crimes; take heed yee be not overwhelmed with small Sands.

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Sands. Time is precious unto all, but most unto age: for where few houres are allotted, fit it were that they were well bestowed. Bee yee then men of that setled, seasoned, and well-composed temper, as to fix and terminate your thoughts on that sole-Soveraigne good, which may fully close, seale and sate your desires. For tell us, good fathers, what can be a more contemptible thing than man, if hee erect not his thoughts above man! So, as the very *Locust* or *Grashopper* (creatures of emptinesse

and

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and feare) are no greater slaves to the wind than man. How varying in his resolves; how delaying in his performance; being oft-times prevented by death, before hee beginne what hee so long resolved? But of all ages, most varying is hee in age: which we may properly illustrate by this similitude: when the Sunne is in the *Meridian*, and the beames of it perpendicular to our bodies, shadowes change not suddenly; but when it beginnes to decline to the *fall*, every moment almost, they vary.

Mans

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Mans life is a ſpanne; a narrow ſpanne, which hee ſhall neither fall ſhort off, nor exceed; no, not one little or point of it; not the breadth of the ſmalleſt *haire*, or *atome*; no, not the rare-ſpun *Gothſimere*; or any other extenuate or imaginary thinneſſe whatſoever. Now, how ſhould any man, if endued with naturall capacity, think but this *vapour* of *Smoke*, this *light-vading breath*, may promiſe to it ſelfe any long continuance; eſpecially, when the threed of life is not onely ſpunne thinne, but

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worne small? When Age goes poring on the ground, as if hee were looking for some place where he should lie? But hope of living long is that universall Antidote, that makes many a *Mithridates* venture on poyson. Of this both Age and Youth doe equally surfet. For no decrepit groundling is so old, but hee hopes hee may live one yeare longer.

But higher bee our hopes in you, who hold that life to bee most blessed, wherein whatsoever is best, is both loved and injoyed. These, as

as most deluded Mortalls commonly bee, being fed with a deceiving hope of living long, become altogether secure of living well: whereas you, who preferre a good life before a long life, and esteeme nothing worthy prizing here, but what may highly conduce to your safe conduct elsewhere: make no other æstimate of life, then as of a *Scene*; which being wel and bravely performed, crownes the *Exit* with an applause. *Lib.* 4.

The best and principallest Blessing confirmed by the

authority of *Herodotus* in *Cleobulus* and *Biton*, *Trophonius* and *Agamedes*? and that pithy conclusion of *Silenus*, who being taken Prisoner by King *Midas*, paied this ransome, teaching the King "the best thing, that might "chance any man, was never to bee borne, the next "to die as soone as might "bee.

What are we then to think of you, who being borne to the *State*, live to support it, love to advance it, and rejoyce to see it? implying an auspicious birth, a gracious life

life, ever expiringwith a glorious cloze. Bee your lives then long or short, they cannot redound to your *shame*, because employed to the improvement of the *State*. Live you would not, but for it; and dye you would willingly to secure it.

The most potent Princes that ever breathed, have shownebut weake prerogatives against fate; Nought but vanitie was to bee attributed to them, retained they never so much earthly glory on them, who dwelled in houses of clay, whose foun-

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dation was in the dust, which are crushed before the Moath. Were they never so numerously attended; with the bankes and barres of the Sea surrounded; at home and abroad secured; yet could they not from mortality be exempted. Which no sooner seazed on them, than they were soonest left by those, who seemingly clove the closest to them. Now, what were these temporizing *Fawnes*, but such as made Dialls of their Masters? So long as the Sunne shone on them, and could afford them

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them a ſhadow, they lookt on them; but no ſooner had the Sun left them, than they were left by them. So quickly they paſt by them with a careleſſe neglect, from whom they expected no further benefit. But vertues are your attendants, which will ſurvive the memory of all monumentall ſtructures.

Thus you have heard (to draw in our Sailes, and apply our Oares to the ſhore) how the reputation of a State is preſerved by a wiſe Councel; and how you may advance your Countreyes glory by this

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this your restauration & recovery: be it then your task to put in practise what you have heard. Never was their fairer opportunity offered: nor an ampler reward for a shorter service, tendred. Now then, in this your Evening send out some beamelins of your deserving. That as *Iustice*, whom you serve, is compared in beauty to the *Evening starre*, so you may show your selves beautifull starres in the Evening. Short is your labour, perpetuall shall be your honor. Cheerefully then entertaine the one that

Pacis olivam, Palladis *palmam* Parthenopis *lauream quas omnes fluctuantis Status Hyems decerpserat, amæniore cultu serenioreconditione, Æstus restituerit Hyacinth.*

that you may more happily enjoy the other.

Now to cloze with thankfulneſſe (for ungratefull are they who will not ingenuouſly acknowledg ſuch ample curteſies) wee vow by *Themiſta's* Throne, to erect a laſting Trophie to *Æſculapius* memory; that ſucceeding ages may record how ready wee were to requite. So wee leave you, but never leave to love you, ſo you love the *State*, for whoſe Service and Solace wee have re-advanced you.

So *Themiſta* aſcended; her

Lib. 4.

her Senators descended; where their Office of *Iustice* became so well discharged, as it was well for the *State* that her *Consuls* madded, being ever after better manna-ged, than before such time as they fel first distempered.

FINIS.

Opera de nobis testantur nostra, etiamsi taceant nostri.

The life of MARIANO SILESIO, the approved Author of this Worke.

EXcellence of ſpirit is beſt expreſt when moſt oppoſed; nor is there any better exerciſe than oppoſition, to ſet a true edge on reſolution. This might bee inſtanced to life in the life of MARIANO SILESIO; *who ever armed himſelfe with the ſmootheſt brow againſt the roughest braves of fortune.*

A Florentine *borne; generouſly deſcended; and gracefully endowed. Seaſoned he was with the elements of all Learning; wherein he became ſo highly improved, as his rare expreſſions, reliſhing of no inferiour*

inferiour spirit, rendred him both admired and loved. Yet in that affluence of friendly observers, Hee wanted not some private detractours; who the more they laboured to darken his lustre, the more they lost their labour: and (what they least expected) gave spreading wings to his fame and honour. Much of his youth hee spent in Court-attendance; where he bestowed more pretious houres in usefull observance, than youthfull dalliance. So as that very place, which commonly becomes an effeminatour of others, became an improver and rectifier of his manners. Complie hee could not with corruption; *nor affect that, which in the eye of vertue deserved not approbation. Insomuch as, being one day in the Court of* Florence, *and hearing a Lady of suspected fame much admired for her agility and quicknesse in dancing, replied, my admiration shall cloze in this;* O that a Soule so heavie, should present so light a body!

As may likewise appeare by his free reproofe of Madam *Alisia Lenzona* for her incontinent life: though at that time a Mistris to the Dukes especiall favorite.

An inimitable faculty hee had for elegance of Phrase in prose and an incomparable facillity for neatenesse of invention and sweetnesse of dimension in verse.

Both

Both which with such a free-streaming Current naturally flowed, as with a pleasing disdaine they scorned to be forced. Which caused him to bee much imployed in his younger yeares, in the invention and setting forth of Court-maskes and other Princely presentments (impressive obiects of infinite delight to refined Spirits) all which hee performed with such height of Art; as no place but held it selfe honoured by his person; nor, no bounty too amply extended, to enlarge his pension. Albeit, out of the freedome and largenesse of his mind, He would ever returne this answer to such liberall bestowers: It will detract from the *Muses* to bee Mercinaries: *And,* Liberall Arts should have liberall Hearts, and slow receivers. *Hee could never endure vulgar praise, nor titular applause, drawne from selfe-affectation or that ambitious ground of gaining opinion. This he styl'd* Opiniate Idolatry, *which transformed selfe-fancy into a desperate Frenzie. Hee was wont to say of* Poggius *and* Pierus, *two reputed Wits in those dayes; that hee could not endure* Poggius *conceit,* because it made too bold

bold with Heaven; *nor* Pierus, because he tasted to much of Earth.

Soone after his retire from Court, Hee matcht himselfe in a Noble family. A Consort so exquisitely accomodated, and richly adorned with all gracefull perfections, as her Name, *like some* precious perfume, *still preserves her memory in* Florence. *But see the mutability of humane happinesse! Shortly made death an exchange with his choice: to whose vertuous memory hee addressed his continuate* Anniversaries. *Poems of an high and enlivened Spirit: where every Stanza reteines his owne native weight; and expresseth its own thought without an enforced state. With such obsequious teares, and choice funerall composures, Hee discharged that exequiall office, which Hee, devoted to her memory, was owing, and of whose divine vertues hee was so much enamoured, living: as hee expressed (nor were his expressions feagned) in these lines by him addressed to her, during his remove from her:*

"Health.

"Health crowne mine hopes in thee,
for in thine health,
"Mine health, helpe, hope consist;
my weale, my wealth.

After her death, hee became a Recluse neare to the Cliffs of Arpina, North-west from Corcyra; where his friends resorted to him, in hope to weine him from that course, by proposing to him many eminent favourites in Court, and to bring him backe to Florence: but his fixt resolves on retirement, returned them this answer:

"Dissvade me not;
for nee'r could I bestow
"Such freedome on
my better part as now;
"Where th' Duke himselfe,
were hee not th'man hee is,
"Would wisse in's heart
but to enjoy my blisse:
"Whose choice content
affords me so much power,
"As I may vye
with greatest Emperour.

But fearing the solicitous importunity of such prevalent friends, (powerfull Advocates to a relenting Nature) with much

much secrecy, hee removed into a part more desert and remote, wherewith a selfe-contenting privacy, hee bestowed the remainder of his daies in Contemplation: sealing his portell with this inscription: INVISUS VIDEO.

To describe him, hee was of a middle stature; pleasing Countenance; gratefull presence; present discourse; pregnant wit; rich fancy; rare memory; an affable disposition, though naturally a little subject to passion; which hee ever so sweetly tempered with discretion, as it never overmastered reason. To such an excellent Soveraingty in the Command of his affections had hee aspired, as his inner-house *to no disquiets stood engaged.*

Sundry workes, during the time of his retire: Hee composed; wherein were expressed such height of wit and clearenesse of judgement, as they received the Character of divers tongues. Amongst which, Hee tooke especiall care, that this Worke *should bee fairely transcribed, and sent to* Florence; *where it was entertained with such esteeme, as it received a double honour, both for its owne Worth, and memory of the Author.*

His

His last dying words, or invitation of Death (as is reported) were these: "I "have got my-Selfe, as much out of "the world as I could, though not so "much as I would; Come then my "friendly Messenger, and take me out "of this Creeke, where I have hither-"to retired, that after so long bon-"dage, I may be freed.

Hee lived to a ripe age; being both in yeares and vertues numerous.

Vpon the Errata's.

THe genuine Translator of this ingenious Author, was wholly absent from this Impresſure. For Themista's *Court, whereof this Subject treats, excluded theſe Errors from all cure. This may ſerve for his excuſe. Beſides, it was divided upon ſeverall Preſſes; no marvaile if he ſuffer in the one or other. Be it your Candor to cleare it; upon this ingenious condition, that the next Impreſſion ſhall redeeme it.*

Prælia militibus conſtant, & prela figuris;
Hinc indiſpoſitis Error *vbiq; locis.*

Errata.

IN ter. Teſt. Auth. in ſome Coppies, for *Fame.* read *Fawne.* Lib. 1. pag. 35. lin. vlt. for *the* r. *your.* ib. p. 42. l. penult. for *numerous* r. *numerous.* Lib 2. p 84. l. 15. for *incapably* r. *incapable.* ib. p. 86. l. 1. for *bee*, r. *bee.* ib. p. 88 for *Theotmius*, r. *Theotimus.* ib. p. 117 l. 8 for *to*, r. *of.* ib. p. 124. & 125. figures miſplaced. Lib. 3. p. 130 l. 14 for *Treopagus*, r. *Areopagus.* ib. p. 135. l. 10. a word undivided. ib p. 159. & 160. figures miſplaced. Lib 4. p 78. l. 10. for *Epimomos*, r. *Epimonos.* ib. p. 80. l. ult. a line tranſpoſed. ib. p. 97. l. 12. for *they*, r. *thy.* ib p. 126. *Stanza's* undivided. ib. p. 144. l. 11. for *cauſeleſſe*, r. *cauſe for* (a meere inverſion of Senſe.) ib. p. 162. letters in ſundry lines disjoynted. ib. p. 214. l. 21. for *Epieicies*, r. *Epieices.* ib. p. 211. l. 3. for. *evenging*, r. *revenging.* ib. 235. l. 15. for *iuſtified*, r *inſiſted.*

For the litterall errors, I leave them to the penne of the *Candide Reader* to amend them.

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